

# Esquire

JUNE 1974  
PRICE \$1

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

## Who's clean enough to be President in '76?



Edward M. Kennedy?



Gerald R. Ford?



John B. Connally?



George C. Wallace?



Nelson A. Rockefeller?



Henry (Scoop) Jackson?

**The 1976 morality sweepstakes by Evans and Novak**  
**Plus: a major excerpt from Philip Roth's new book**



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Dry Gilbey's.**



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# kanøn

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King Size 21 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine  
100's 21 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report Sept. '93

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Tareyton is activated charcoal, delivers a better taste.  
A taste no plain white, hard, can match.

King Size 21 mg "tar", 1.1 mg nicotine  
 "tar" and 21 mg "tar", 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette—FTC Report.

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Cover by Jean-Paul Gault

Picture Credits: see page 198

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It's a rum that means you've come up in the world. Myer's is no lighthearted rum. It's dark and expensive. The richer, more flavorful rum that doesn't get lost in the mix. Because Myer's is Jamaican. Made slowly. Sensuously. It makes the difference between just a rum drink and a rum drink that speaks for itself. It costs more. And it's worth it.



Hyperic, The Texas Journal and News, 30 p.p.  
 Eyeless vipers (Snakes), collected Park, Gorman, Texas  
 205 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10021.



# PUBLISHER'S PAGE

On bettering things, as  
opposed to defacing them

With Norman Mailer's return to these pages last month (*The Dutch of Great*) you might have expected some variation of the event in this space. If only a little play on the effect of "I told you so." Because the last time I made any mention of Mailer on this page, saying something about how he quit as easy as often for him or that famous misstatement, he showed me out in the dust with great grace, pointing out that he hadn't quit as just "again," but for once and for all and for good. And when I could think of no better answer than, "That's what you always say," he really didn't like it.

The three authors by whom I have been chewed out most memorably are Norman Mailer, J. D. Salinger, and Helen Lewis (and I really shouldn't count the latter, because from her it's a pleasure, which I can handle say for the other two). The question now I'd say a ticket for, based on my experience on the magazine end, would be a shouting match between Mailer and Salinger. And if I were a betting man, I think I'd bet on Salinger. He can hit a higher hysterical pitch; when he sees it up, there's a high shout which indicates that of all the Roman emperors going through the years.

But anyway there Mailer is, or was last month, filling a number of our pages with the circulation, as an act of, of these ancient spray jobs which I have always considered a form of defacement. On further reflection, and even after rereading the beauty of Mailer's prose, I still do it simply can't see defacing anything so useful who celebrates it, as one striving a vital means of artistic expression. So whether it's Mailer's beauty is a gift, or Harriet Beecher Stowe's it is a virtue, and trying to cut the rest of an idea saying it too, or also pretending to, none of us will always remain solidly unimpaired.

In my youth, psychiatrists were taught as an art of conduct to try to have things in better shape than they found them. Granted that as a rule of behavior this has been seldom observed except in the trash, whether in bars, men, magazines or even society, still it's a good ideal to contemplate. And the shock value of finding it necessary, say into practice, even today, is startling.

But I do know of one aesthetic and easily verifiable instance, and I to-

vite you to share my admiration. For over a year, since the beginning of 1953, the members of the East Jersey Chapter of Trout Unlimited, a national conservation-minded sportsmen's organization, have been donating their spare time, evenings and weekends, to the restoration of a river in northern New Jersey, working with their own hands and spending their own money in a waste denudation of the aim to have something in better shape than they found it in. The scene of this natural happening is a four-mile stretch of the Saddle River, within the town limits of Upper Saddle River and those volunteers are installing devices, constructed of donated telephone poles, rocks and wire netting, to repair the river's eroded banks, control its silt and relatively stagnant sections, and reform the vigorous crossing of cold waters that characterized its meandering previous to better days, before development took their toll in all. Twenty-two of these devices and other stream-alonging devices will be installed within this four-mile section, and then a similar stretch in the next town below it, which is Saddle River itself, will be offered comparable volunteer treatment. And so on downriver, until one day the whole stream may be restored to the way it was in pioneer days.

Members have worked with new red hands, in waters and stocking caps and lumber jackets, in below-zero weather, making something that has been damaged by the meander and better for the future. The cost to them has been some but late Sunday morning sleep, the time and the money they might have spent in drive-ins, betting alters, taverns or wherever where, instead of slugging around in and on the banks of this stream. The reward has been the satisfaction of giving to themselves that there are occasions when, instead of sitting around bewailing the passing of the good old days and talking about how everything everywhere has gone to pot, you can be this yourself to get up and do something about it.

Granted that in their case there is the added incentive of some immediate motivation, one and above this common-sense motivation (Krieger said that one day could make a tree, but they have long since been there and make a "Confess on page 20")

## THE DAWN OF THE SUN BUG.



There's a new car on the horizon, the Volkswagen Sun Bug.

It's a Volkswagen like you never dreamed possible—with a gold paint job, racing type wheels, a

sunroof, and a radiant interior with lush carpeting, leatherette conveyor seats and a sports wheel.

Naturally a car this unusual isn't for everyone. So only a few Sun

Bugs are being made. If you take a shine to it, don't wait too long to buy one. Unlike the sun, you can't count on the Sun Bug being there tomorrow.



Think of it  
as  
investment  
spending.



Esau de Toilette  
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Proline Shampoo  
Spray Lotion





## Only the 40,000 mile Firestone Steel Radial 500 can give you up to 30 extra miles from every tankful of gas...

When we matched our Steel Radial 500<sup>®</sup> against our own belted bias tire, the Steel Radial 500 proved it could deliver up to 30 extra miles of highway

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You want to make sure that the tires you choose are the radials you'll like best. You want gas saving, plus a smooth ride, the quick, positive handling, and the steel belted strength you've read about.

Firestone is so sure of its Steel Radial 500, that you can buy a set and drive

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Firestone Steel Radial 500. The only radial that's got it all. Only from Firestone.

**Firestone**  
**Steel Radial 500**  
**The Gas Saver**

Some people try things because they're new. I don't. I think about them first.

Like fiber glass boats.

Sure they're easier to take care of, but I've already spent so much time on that wooden tub of mine...

I can't see giving it up now.

The same with my wooden tennis racket.

It's just too comfortable to trade in on a metal one.

So how come I've switched to

Roman Brio Leather?

Not because it's new, but because it's comfortable... I feel good wearing it.

Anyway, my girl likes

my Brio Leather

as much as she likes my boat.



ROMAN BRIO LEATHER ALL PURPOSE LOTION

Think about it.



## HANGING OUT ROBERT ALAN AURTHUR

Several years ago, maybe it was 1920, in this small town on southern Long Island where I live, a town which traditionally has made Orange County, California, look like a haven for cultural froths, there was an oddball, prelate on the eve of a national Vietnam memorial. At dusk on a crisp November Friday some sixty-old (ish?) people who couldn't, or wouldn't, travel to Washington for the day's grand demonstration gathered on our green in the shadow of a super-quaint windmill. Forbidding by town fellows to march down Main Street in the town (and they moved about in the gathering darkness, making friends, hoping maybe to work up a little optimism. There were mostly displaced old people of suspicious origin, some kids and dogs. The kids seemed not curious, and somehow it made me feel better. On the sidewalk, just a few feet away, stood a dumpy or so middle-aged man, wearing their Legion or Y.F.W. cap, watching silently. We were all nervous; they were the men who came to fix faulty TV sets, or sold us liquor, or (yes, this is recent history) filed our tax forms. Yet, with the cops and in the darkness, they suddenly became menacing, even intimidating. I had to say which of the groups was the more self-conscious. We thought that someone should be speaking out against the war, perhaps with some new smart-er or hope, and they thought maybe might be in order. But, maybe because we'd all done this so many times—or was it that we were all nervous—it is a very calm, no one spoke, and no one showed.

Out of the depressing silence a malar was heard being traced, and then a man started playing and singing. Not very softly. Silently, by our window, we grooved around Tom Paxton, one of the neophytes, and we listened. The songs were familiar, no further to hear, in fact, that when Tom asked others to join in, most did. Paxton, a neo-freder, looked hunched over his guitar, his voice a hoarse baritone. He wore a shaggy jacket and his performing badge, a peaked summer cap. Next were his wife, Naida, and son, Jonathan. Katy was an infant in a carriage then, and although Jonathan was no more than three, she already knew all the words.

Until that night, except on radio, Mr. Paxton, known to the world, was unknown. I knew he'd bought a recently built house in a new new develop-

ment not far from the windmill, but much of the year he and family lived in London where Paxton was a big star, where he recorded his annual album of newly composed songs, and from where two or three times a year he toured the British Isles, playing to huge adoring crowds. Now, on this November night, he sang to sixty rather odd folk, yet his fervor was in an act diminished by the size of his crowd. It was, for me, however, a very big big moment, and from the sidewalk the veterans, no longer menacing, looked onto the green. They, too, wanted to hear Tom Paxton sing, and when after some twenty minutes, Tom picked away his guitar, we all blew out the candles and quietly dispersed.

While we went home that evening, Tom went to Washington, and the next night on the late show from New York there was Tom again,



now, with the Washington Monument as his backdrop, he sang to tens of thousands of protesters, many of whom also knew his words. With the same constraint, the beloved hero's love turned words, Paxton performed as though with one song he could blow out the whole war. It didn't happen.

The other day, during to Tom Paxton's house, I knew I wanted to find out more about this talented, civilized man. Just hanging around with him on a few occasions since that November night hadn't revealed enough. Amiable and amiable, yes. A good storyteller, yes. Will read and always eager to discuss the latest book, to probe what you are reading, you find the really interesting thing is what he does: he's a folk singer and composer of ever heard songs. And that's pretty weird—well, that is, if you think of folk

singing in a traditional way, if you see you are a jolly old Martin, and in a rock'n'roll world, or, really, to being it home, if at a tender age you were formed off by a low-haired, long-suffering man who converted medieval melodies in a MacDougal Street cellar. But not word of you were aware of the Great Folk Revival of the late Fifties and early Sixties, something between Bill Bradley and the Beatles, and not weird, I suppose, if you know that Tom Paxton was born and raised on Staten Island and studied Fine Arts at Boston University, that his father, an Emmanuel, was a boy in a band, a pianist, and that Pete Seeger, co-patron to the revivalists (Woody Guthrie being the other), went to Harvard, yes Harvard.

So much using folk art, eclectic to the core, from his own way—but how? I mean, if Tom Paxton is not an oppressed poor white from a Scotch-Irish background in Appalachia—if he is not an under-cultured, self-taught artist—if he was or happened to be a railroad tax, seated deep in a mine, felled on the great Mahomet river, heeded in his country—then how did he become a folk singer?

Car parked and on the way to the back door of the Paxton home, I note the biggest, thickest chimney pipe in town, custom-built that was because Tom "likes to do a lot of lipa." He comes to the door carrying his guitar. Although he's written songs on airplanes, in cars traveling between concerts, Paxton works mostly at home, writes almost every day. Unforeseen tax problems, which Tom will just mutter about, have caused the Paxtons to quit England. With the London that up for sale, Tom has just returned from a tour in Britain.

As warm greeting, an offer of coffee. Tom Naida, Katy and Jonathan are upstairs packing for a ten-day vacation trip to the Caribbean, after which Tom will do a Town Hall concert in New York, then several college dates and another stint in England—his concerts in twelve days, with time in London to record an album of his children's songs. Most important will be a June concert at Lincoln Center.

The house is completely quiet—no music, phone calls, that is, except there are many incoming. The living room is filled with comfortable furniture, a baby grand piano that Tom parties

There's never a rough puff once you come up to KOOL, with the smooth taste of extra coolness.



King, 10s,  
1.0 mg. nicotine

Now, lowered for KOOL Lights

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

Milds, 10 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine; Kings, 8 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine; Lights, 7 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Sept. 29



doubles as a bar, a juke, stereo jammed with records; three walls are covered with old photographs, two Picasso lithographs. Tom sits in his chair, the guitar never out of reach. I put the question to him, no faking around. "How did you get to be, like, it?" and his sleek white hair's been asked the question before. "We're the first generation of folk singers to learn from records," he says.

Ah! Good, good. I write that down. A whole media-oriented world where everyone has access to everything, where certainly no longer depends on direct experience. I must have recalled aside, because Tom says, "Well, I've recorded, in continuity for its own sake." A pause. "I feel I'm a descendant of Guthrie and Singer." Another pause. "When I was a kid I'd listen to pop records on the radio, and now and then I'd hear something folkish, like *Wah Train*." A defensive laugh. "I still like the damn thing. Then when I went to college..." Where? The University of Oklahoma. "I had the powerful guitar out of my mouth's side, and I met other guys interested in folk. When I graduated I knew what I wanted to be, and all I wanted to be, was a folk singer. During college the folk influence was Earl Swain's *The Fox Continuum* starts by being entirely derivative, I recommend that. You learn by already imitating the artists who turn you on. Then, if you are the kind of an artist yourself, your own voice comes through."

Midge Paster, who could play young Jeanie Woodward parts, dates a quick pass through an imitating character and asks, "You are you being fascinating?"—a question he ignores as he hedges to the kitchen to answer the phone. Seven years Tom's junior, Midge dates him as an "oldie" of the Boston, as opposed to my husband, who comes out of that earlier decade.

Tom Paxton was born in Chicago in Midwestern, 1937, lived in that city till 1948. His father, Burton, originally an Oklahoman, was raised in New Mexico, went to the University of Illinois to study chemistry, dropped out after one year, but still became a successful chemist. Founding during the Depression of a hydro-alcohol-broken distillery, Burton Paxton divorced his first wife and married Esther Peterson, his secretary and, subsequently, Tom's mother. Back from the phone call ("That was a request for another band, I get six thousand a year") Tom talks about his father. "One of his ancestors was a judge in England who was responsible for getting off

Charles the First's head. When that became unpopular he took a boat to America." He takes a cigarette, is noted to be a fairly heavy smoker. "My father was really self-taught and somehow he invented a synthetic which he manufactured all through the war. He also came up with the fragmentation bomb, which at the time seemed like a good idea." A pause. "Bombs didn't have the reputation that they do now. It was quite weird being very young during the war. There was *atomic* due but the war, and you knew that was all the stupid grooves did."

On his mother's side his grandparents were Bretons who met in America. We're talking about musical talent in his background. "One grandfather was a big accordion player who stopped playing dances when he got religion," Tom says. "My half sister Mary has a gorgeous contralto voice. She studied in Chicago but gave it up when she got married. My full sister Nancy has a beautiful alto. She sang in the choir but never the thought of being a professional. I have no voice at all, and I've got no idea where I got the chutzpah to start singing."

When Tom was ten, Burton Paxton, "a stomach Republican and Roosevelt-hater," moved the family to Bristol, Oklahoma. Three months after the move he died.

"I'm not going to put Bristol down," Tom says, "but I always wanted to do something, and in Bristol there was nothing to do. It was a conservative town in a conservative state, and all the while I was growing up I had that odd-man-out feeling. In Bristol you could be a jack, and I tried that on, played some basketball and some football. We had heavy taxes but a good time. When I was a freshman in junior high, in the first week I made living-room guitar, and I remember thinking, 'No one's gonna mess with me now.' One night, right after I made the team, I was going downtown, and I had to pass the gym where some semi-dolls were hanging around. I looked at those guys and suddenly realized nothing had changed. All that went, and I was still scared out of my mind."

In junior high there was also music. Tom played trumpet in the high-school band. "There was a new black dancer who became sort of a surrogate father. I made that clear when I was in the eighth grade. You got your portion by naming names, and I just couldn't keep it. It was going out of style. When it didn't break me the feeling of satisfaction I thought it would or should, I lost interest."

We'll return to the question of satisfaction, but Tom pauses on

"Growing up in Bristol was to be completely indifferent, and my first concern of real concern was an college. I intended to study journalism, but for some reason, and don't ask why, on my way to enroll I changed my major to drama... and just got me to hanging out with the 'loony crew.'" Did he write songs while in college? "A couple, but none stood the test of time. The first one I wrote that I still use is *The Marijuana Tax*. I did that in typewritten at Fort Dix."

Yes, it was the Army that took the boy out of Oklahoma and deposited the would-be folk singer in New York. A no-music resort, Paxton did his basic training at Fort Dix, Kansas, arrived at Fort Monmouth, New York, in March, 1960, and after three months was transferred to Fort Dix, New Jersey, until his discharge in September. With New York City at hand, and the Great Revival at its apogee, Tom Paxton was in a folk funk's heaven.

Not a weekend passed when I didn't go to the Village, mostly to Gracie's, Folk City, Paxton's house! It's where I met my buddy Dave Van Ronk. We were last seen at each other's wedding. Do you know his work? When I admit I don't, Tom heads to the record shelves. "At Gerde's anyone could get up and sing. One night, a year after I got to New York, Van Ronk and I were there when Dylan got up for the first time. A funny-looking guy, but from the very first Van Ronk and I agreed he was... interesting. Dylan's rap was that he was scolding Guthrie. No, no. He was always an accused. I never picked up that rap, because he was talking *overhead*. The portable is spinning, and Tom drops the needle on a selected cut, Van Ronk singing *Swanson* on a stereo. After about sixteen bars Paxton's grin becomes an appreciative laugh. He lifts the turn arm. "Isn't that a lovely reading?"

Now the matter of what activities him, maybe the critical question for any artist. Once grooved in a career, once successful and accepted, can an artist find anything that gives a measure of fulfillment? Without hesitation Paxton says, "Oh, yeah! When I've got a song working, when I've got a verse that I feel is going to happen, that's great. Next to that is when the song is finished, and I know it's good." His eyes turn to one of the Picassos titled "Coming to New York, having things open up... that was fantastic. Like, one day going to the Museum of Modern Art and suddenly seeing into the

# Father Knows the Best

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# This October the advantage is yours

Whether you're into tennis, baseball, football, basketball or golf, there is bound to be something for you in this October's *Equire*. The issue will be entirely about sports in America and will touch all the right bases: profiles and pictures of superstars, analyses of techniques, quizzes on information and strategy, plus a collection of the greatest sports writing in *Equire's* history. The issue will be a tribute to the national obsession. If you are a regular subscriber to *Equire*, the October special issue will arrive at your doorstep; you won't have to move a muscle to get it. If you are not a regular subscriber, we urge you to become one. Locate the card in this issue and mail it back to us. You'll see: finding an October *Equire* on the stands will be as hard as finding a tennis court in the city on Saturday.



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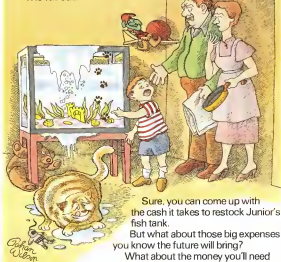
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Guerrilla. Nothing in my life had a more profound effect. The understanding that an expression of concern or outrage doesn't have to be a pamphlet, doesn't have to be eloquent. It can be a work of art, it can, in all the way. Picasso, the greatest artist of the twentieth century—or maybe even—wasn't above painting in anger. Not that I'm in any way conquering myself, but Jimmy Newman is my Guernica. The words war, death, Vietnam never appear. I wrote it right down to two people." Without pause Podes submits his brief. "A Nobel Prize winner like Steinbeck could write *In Dubious Battle* and *Grapes of Wrath*, yet when a songwriter does an angry song he's called a 'poorist singer.' You get the label hung on you, and guys become hard to get. Who wants to sit around all night long battered by angry songs? No matter what else I write, the music press needs an easy handle. It was all part of the Angry Young Man time, out of the spirit of the 'fifties." He glows again. "Nothing pisses me off more than to be called a protest singer." Back in his chair he picks up the guitar. "And with that established," he says, "I'll play you my newest protest song." When I laugh, he tunes the guitar. "Watergate. I knew I had to write one, but it took me months to get a handle. Then one morning while I was brushing my teeth—which is when I usually get my ideas—I came to see what if I were a previously undisciplined participant in the original burglary?" Humming clouds, Podes takes on an entirely new character, the amiable sophisticated bohemian wide-eyed innocent, a victim-pet baboon, who is delighted to end up in prison as a service to a football-helmeted Richard Nixon. Talking *Watergate Blues* is an extremely funny song, and as I listen the thought occurs that of all the folk performers and songwriters, Podes's songs and scope are unique. He is an artist whose work does live freely out of direct experience. As his children grow he writes love songs, universal in appeal, yet specifically descriptive. To his wife he writes constantly changing and maturing love songs. About Vietnam he writes the beautiful ironic Talking Vietnam. Potluck Blues, which makes you laugh, and Jimmy Newman, which makes you cry. His Atlas song, *The Heroic*, is chilling in its profound rage, and *Jesus, SBO* is Broadway's last, best joke, at the same time perpetuating an ocean of hypocrisy. All at once the intention to seek out the real source of Tom Podes's achievement seems trivial, understated. (Continued on page 38.)

## Unexpected expenses: The fat cat.



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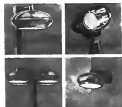
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## SPORTS ROGER KATIN

**A**lso when many pitchers are newly confident and raring, Stephen Robert Bliss, a drink-empowering right-hander who is known for the Pittsburgh Pirates, finds himself controlling a crowd that is hysterical and ready to erupt. In a special booth, with an arm that feels so strong as steel, Steve Bliss has lost the knack of throwing strikes. "Darned!" he says, in his dry New England way. "I wouldn't say I'm nervous, but do you happen to know an assistant for arms?"

In 1972, Bliss picked the third game of the world series and dominated the Baltimore Orioles with control and pitching intelligence. When he is in form, Bliss works with a fine variety of pitches: a fast ball that sinks, a fast ball that rises and a slow curve. For crutches, he throws the outside slider. The slider is a hard pitch that slides down and away from a right-handed batter and it is the slider that gave him days of winning confidence. "Even when they knew it was coming," he says, "what I did it outside near the lines, they couldn't do much with it. I've had days when I could keep it there all year."

When Bliss kept the slider low and away and defeated Baltimore 5 to 4, his father Bob, a \$150-a-week plumber from the side of Falls Village, Connecticut, burst out of the crowd and out a victory dance on top of the Pirate dugout. Five days later Bliss won the seventh game 2 to 1 and although Bob Bliss, who is in the ring deck, has had his place in time, his heart leaped up. At twenty-one, his son Steve was a baseball hero.

The next year Bliss won nineteen games and hit a father's heart, his salary leaped wildly. Sources suggest that after 1972, the Pirates paid Bliss \$70,000. Then in 1973, his reassessment was known, the Detroit, Michigan, Red Sox traded him in a major-league pitcher broke down.

Bliss pitched twice in spring training and while April snowdrifts choked Pittsburgh on opening day, he started against Bob Giffon and the St. Louis Cardinals. Suddenly the slow curve was bouncing near the plate. Although the fast balls moved off target, most of all the slider sailed high. The Cardinals who had Bliss's strategy for months knew him out. It was May before he won a game.

By June his armwork with control

had become a war and he was dropped from the starting rotation. As for the staff on opening day, Bliss remained in the bullpen. A series later in 1973, the so-called season in 1973, Bliss was only three games all season. During the year, he started sixteen times. He finished with, "My own 20's," he says, "were leaving the bubble-gum card with my picture on it." He gave a little. Then, more seriously: "There it was, all, basically, been everything to me. I love the game. I love the life. And here last season



just working out to the mound to work toward me to death."

The west coast of Florida in where Mike Ayres goes to die. The lead stretches far along the Gulf and the horses spread wide fields of spurt pellets. Driving through Chevrolet and Buick was an action play-station. Stopped everywhere, and everywhere and everywhere. "We got a pretty small line here," one Florida underwriter said, "but it's a bad day when I don't get three bodies. Kinkles in your skin, you're north for better!"

Near the beaches retired men play basketball, and all behind the backboards, waiting for the dry-gulping pipes, their eyes closed against the sun, drawing the fourth dream of the very old. But when spring comes and the clouds and the sun, a burst of life, sweeps why the Gulf Coast. Hundreds of beach players, most young and bounding with energy, converge on a dozen traveling camps. Then the days grow lead with the sounds of baseball and in the middle of night burnards and warm division briefly had me.

The Pittsburgh Pirates, who have become one of the most powerful of modern teams under their general manager, Joe L. Brown, assemble in Bradenton. On forty-one acres there, the organization has built a baseball complex with four diamonds, a modest gym and a clubhouse that can accommodate two hundred. At Pirate City, manager Danny Murtagh trains his athletes hard but not heartless.

On this particular morning, the pitchers are playing a body game. Someone has set up a baseball machine, an air gun that shoots pop flies into the sky. Each pitcher starts at the mound and has to run toward shortstop to catch the ball. A strong crowd is looking and judging super-high pop flies under those conditions is all but impossible, even for major leaguers.

One after another, pitchers practice the ball. Dave Giusti the great reliever; Benito Hernandez from Caracas, Puerto Rico; Bob Knepper, a pitcher and a pitcher; and Bliss, a pitcher with a gangly country stride. The ball shoots into the air and the players set up around. "Forward men," he says. "Forward men." It's drifting. Other way. Hey, watch your lead." The pitcher is right, looking up, first finding the ball against a cloudless sky, then trying to read trajectory and wind.

No one can catch it. Each sprint ends with a lunge, the pitcher falling and rolling on good athletes do, the ball smacking against the base path and bounding high. Finally Bob Bliss, a strong, easy right-hander, with a twisting fly and stare in one-handed. The others cheer, sarcastic but respectful. "Yes, Dick," someone says. "What are you trying to do, run the game?"

Bliss frowns at the catcher. "Get on me," he says, dropping. Now, the pitchers move toward an-

## Can you spot the Camel Filters smoker?



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Almost everyone at the picnic had a cigarette. Find the one who doesn't. 1. No. He's a Grand Old One. 2. No. He's a Grand Old One. 3. No. He's a Grand Old One. 4. No. He's a Grand Old One. 5. No. He's a Grand Old One. 6. No. He's a Grand Old One. 7. No. He's a Grand Old One. 8. No. He's a Grand Old One. 9. No. He's a Grand Old One. 10. No. He's a Grand Old One. 11. No. He's a Grand Old One. 12. No. He's a Grand Old One. 13. No. He's a Grand Old One. 14. No. He's a Grand Old One. 15. No. He's a Grand Old One. 16. No. He's a Grand Old One. 17. No. He's a Grand Old One. 18. No. He's a Grand Old One. 19. No. He's a Grand Old One. 20. No. He's a Grand Old One. 21. No. He's a Grand Old One. 22. No. He's a Grand Old One. 23. No. He's a Grand Old One. 24. No. He's a Grand Old One. 25. No. He's a Grand Old One. 26. No. He's a Grand Old One. 27. No. He's a Grand Old One. 28. No. He's a Grand Old One. 29. No. He's a Grand Old One. 30. No. He's a Grand Old One. 31. No. He's a Grand Old One. 32. 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## A buck that makes you feel like a million

Our new white buck Sandpiper casuals pamper you with supple uppers and cushiony crepe soles. And they're styled to go with today's more casual fashions. Also available in three shades of suede: denim blue, dark brown, and wet sand. About \$51.50



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Johnson & Murphy: A Division of Crockett. © The Apparel Company. Available Trinitron

## "Dear American Tourister: The stuff is so easy to carry, my wife carries it."

James Spier, Los Angeles



The Verylite

In Soft-sided sizes and 3 colors from \$32.50 to \$57.50.

other diamond to practice hunting. Marlinch keeps his weapons vital and this drill is constructed as a game. If you hunt well and advance the runner, fire. If not, you just a big around the outfield. Blase comes to bat. Deck Ellis is pitching. He shows Blase a big, intimidating motion and throws an outside slider. Blase misses his first. "Go to the first pole (340 feet away) and make a left," someone calls. Blase runs the street. "Nasty," he says. "Nasty. He threw me a nasty slider. A dirty shame. And another pitcher, too. You can't even trust people you think you've been close to for a long time." Under the gentle morning sun, it is easy to forget that these high-spirited men, both open and sensitive, are locked in a competition for jobs and income that is every inch as serious as the marathon political maneuvers that bubble within America's corporate jets.

There will be a ball game in the afternoon. The Pirates split into two units, one under coach Don Leppert, the other under coach Jose Pagan. "I don't idea what happens this early in the season," Bruce Marlinch insists. "It'll be a few weeks before you can tell a whole lot." But Steve Blase is going to pitch two games for the Padres and this is his first real pitching of the year. It is not overstatement to suggest that a good season for Blase will mean a guarantee for Pittsburgh. Nobody is going to take anything too seriously except that everyone will cheer every pitch that Steve Blase throws.

He comes with a high fast ball to a young outfielder named Bill Flowers. It is a coded strike, but not overpowering. Two strikes away. Blase sees the slow curve. It bounces three feet in front of home plate. "You know," someone says in the cool detachment of the press box. "This slider had the most seventy-fives of anyone except Nixon."

Blase throws a fast ball and Flowers flies to center. Richie Hebner, twenty-five hours last year, is left-handed. His team Blase's first pitch feel to right. He takes a good slider. Blase throws the slow curve. Arnie A. becomes. Then Hebner taps an off-speed pitch to second. Now Al Oliver, twenty hours last year, swings and Blase yields a curve around single to Rickie Elst. Steve Blase has lived and walked deeply and returns a rocker for the third out.

The next inning is a kind of roller of Blase's struggle. He works hard, trying to move the ball to different spots, but his control is wanting. Someone laughs. Grant Kermelids nicks an inside slider safely to right. Marlinch's fifth drive to right

# THE BEAUTY OF ONE GUN.

Trinitron's unique one-gun, one-lens system has yet to be equalled.

Model KV-1772. Screen 17" wide-screen diagonally. Screen space-saving reflector.



Trinitron is not made like other color TVs. And it costs about to buy one, you owe it a courtesy and a look at the difference.

If you go. Feel free to ask questions. The one gun that Trinitron has is located at the neck of the picture tube.

It shoots electron beams through a single lens to the screen. You see the beams in the form of a picture.

Other sets have three guns. They shoot electron beams through three small lenses.

Why is one big lens so much better? The larger the lens, the less the distortion.

So bigger gives you a sharper and better focused picture.

Also, these aren't your run-of-the-mill beams we're shooting.

Because only Trinitron has something called an Aperture Grille.

Translated: The picture you see is made up of unbroken stripes, not isolated dots or spots. So, add an Aperture Grille and you have a brighter picture.

Brighter, sharper, better focused and needless to say all solid state.

That's Sony Trinitron.

O.K., any questions? We'll answer them all in a 12-page Trinitron pamphlet.

Write to us, or stop in at a Sony dealer.

Let him explain the beauty of our unique one-gun, one-lens system. He's got an advantage.

He can show you the picture.

## "IT'S A SONY."







# Taking the mystery out of Cavendish.

An explanation of the most misused term in pipe tobacco.

If you're an avid of pipe smokers, you've probably seen the word *Cavendish* on many pipe tobaccos that you can shake a stick at. You suspect it must be something good or else everybody and his brother wouldn't be putting the word on their pouches. And your suspicion are right.

But *Cavendish* is something other than what you may think it is. It's not a type of tobacco leaf. It isn't even the way tobacco is cut.

*Cavendish* is a unique process that ages and ferments tobacco to give you a milder, more flavorful taste.

Quite frankly, we tell you this for one very simple reason. The more you know about *Cavendish* pipe tobacco, the better it is for *Amphora*. Because *Amphora* is the world's largest selling *Cavendish* pipe tobacco.

## BEFORE CAVENDISH WAS A PROCESS, IT WAS A PERSON.



Captain Thomas Cavendish, by name. A fearless seaman who was equally adept at sailing with a *Navy* way on his nose, participating with the Indians of Virginia for their fine tobacco leaves.

After one of his more successful trading ventures some 400 years ago, he found himself with more tobacco leaf than cargo space. So he ordered his crew to store the tobacco in the large wooden casks that had held their crew.

History does not record the crew's reaction to this bit of creative cooking, but the tobacco, stored most favorably.

After months at sea, compressed and baking in the heat of the casks, fermenting even as slowly as the tobacco stored in England accordingly rich in bouquet.

The good captain's accidental process of maturing tobacco has long since been memorialized by his name. *Cavendish* is now defined as tobacco that has been matured by time, temperature and pressure.

## ONE MAN'S CAVENDISH IS ANOTHER MAN'S SHORT CUT.

Good *Cavendish* tobacco like good wine doesn't happen fast. All the fine tobaccos that go into *Amphora* (they come from about 20 different growing regions of the world) are kept in large casks for at least a year. Just the way Captain C did it.



They go through at least one summer "cure". That was the tobacco ferment under natural weather conditions. All of which combine to enhance the flavor and the richness of the tobacco.

Now some pipe tobacco companies (they know who they are) try to create milder by taking short cuts. By hurrying up the fermenting process, for example. They end up with pipe tobacco, but they don't end up with what we consider *Cavendish*. Because when you're fermenting tobacco, nothing magical heats inside. She takes her own sweet time to bring out all the true flavor and taste of tobacco.

## WE'VE GOT A SECRET.

First after the first long fermentation period, the tobacco is still a long way from being called *Amphora*.

They are next shipped to our factory in Jamez, some 80 miles north of Amsterdam. There the tobacco is carefully blended to our two centuries old formula. The blended leaves are then compressed into "cakes" at carefully regulated high temperatures.

(What these temperatures are and how long the tobacco leaves are pressed, we can't tell you. It's the *Amphora* secret. It's not that we don't trust you, but you never know who else may be reading this ad.)



But what we can tell you is this. By pressing the tobacco leaves into cakes, each tobacco type contributes its own personality by its own flavor and character to the blend.

## OUR DORMITORIES ARE NOT FOR SLEEPING.

Mildness is one thing. Extra mildness is something else. So we go a step further and age the pressed tobacco cakes a second time in special rooms we call dormitories.

During this second aging process (we call it "lagging" and it's like our way fine wines are aged), the flavor, aroma and richness are married. Once and for all.

We go through all of this time and trouble because we honestly believe it's the only way to make the finest *Cavendish* in the world.

A lot of pipe smokers must believe that, too. They've made *Amphora* exactly what it is today.

The most popular supported pipe tobacco in America.

*F.E. Do you have any questions about pipes and pipe tobacco? At 11 a.m. drop a note to the President, Doan's Reports, Inc., 8041 Pullington Ave., Channahon, Ill. 61511.*

*When was the last time the president of a company answered your mail?*

Make Father's day.





# Winston

tastes good like a cigarette should.



## Winston

CRUSH PROOF BOX

FULL FLAVOR

100 CIGARETTES

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

© 1994 R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.  
20 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEP 79.



## BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

[illegible]

and organize. I worked for Captain Ralston down there, who's coming out with a book about sharks of the area. People are so fascinated with sharks, Captain Ralston says, all you need is a musty jacket with the words "SHARKS" on the west to tell us that she is a native of Mazan and the mother of a three-year-old daughter, Cathia, she did not tell us, but we will tell you, that the other day Truman Capote gave an interview in *The Mirror* about it when he said Jay Williams' novel *Steve* of Givens (Doubleday/Pan Review) was the best novel of 1973.

Then a month's real fiction by Philip Wadsworth, as you can see, Philip Ruff's *Savage* (page 164) and Wilbur Tennant's *Dover the Star Haly* (page 198). As a consequence of Chairman Lask's edict, which in these cases replaces with full force, we say only that *Savage* is, as excerpt from Philip Ruff's novel *My Life as a Men*, to be published on June 3 by Holt, Rinehart and Winston, and that *Dover the Star Haly* is one of a collection of short stories by Wilbur Tennant entitled *Before the Star Haly*, which will appear from William Morrow on June 28.

No doubt there is a quarter-century of *Adverse* from the World's Greatest Eggheads (page '96) would like to put to Peter Russell and Leonard Ross, authors of *The Best*, to be published June 28 by Flamingo, Stroman & Gross, from which *Adverse* has been excerpted. Since this is not a live medium, we've tried to anticipate the reader's desires in this respect. We thus:

**ESQ.** What makes you guys think you are so smart?

As for Steve Sherman, author of *The Wedding All-American Variation* (page 102), his more complete thoughts on wedding may be found in *Wile Winking*, published last April by Doubleday.

P. W. Manchester, who was kind enough to nominate the discoverer *Japan's Furthest Light 45* (page 20), is, we wish to state, a beautiful woman. She came to the United States from London, where she was editor of *Belle's Turkey* from 1936 to 1954; in this country she was managing editor of *Deer News* from 1954 to 1960, and at present she is Adjunct Professor of *Continuum* on page 13.

RE MOVE  
RE MOVE  
RE MOVE  
RE MOVE  
COME THIS



—which is full of all kinds of interesting and useful-to-know information about cars—and put it in your glove compartment. That way it will be where you and the car are when

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the back seat and you want to know how to get rid of the spot.

...your gas mileage is less than it ought to be and you want to know why.

Of course, you will want to read the Compendium before slowing it down with your road map collection. How else are you going to find out all those things you always wanted to know about

What if it's gone? Turn out before you get to this part of the magazine! Don't despair. Send us a postcard (address it to *Esquire's* Glove Compartment Correspondent, 488 Madison Ave., N.Y. N.Y. 10022) with your name and address on it, and we'll try to scout up an extra copy for you.

1

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# JIM BEAM

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IN 1971, NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLER HUDGE, JIM BEAM WAS NAMED BY THE TIMES AS THE "GREATEST BOURBON" IN THE WORLD.

is to do it? "Yeah." "Gosh, what was everybody talking about?" "Don't ask me!" Never was definition pronounced less infinitely. Then the daily monochromatic kit sways over into its approach to sell. He picks up a heavy rock from the spot where they made love and affixes it to their hands with it in memory of the experience. When the objects that it would last, he says loudly here: "That's the point, stupid!" Emphasis is all this is all the chaotic disorientation with the consciousness and transformation of feeling: even Kit himself, desiring to keep the rock as a souvenir, drops it in favor of a lighter one.

This scene leads us who much later, when Kit, tired of running, lets himself be captured, but spends his last few moments erecting a little heap of stones to mark the place of his surrender. From the transience of love, we have moved to the more fundamental transience of life itself. So that Montana wilderness, emblematic of the bestowment in which he lived, Kit needs to put up a monument to his artless career, some sign of his earthly trajectory. Yet the mountain and immenseness of the memorial presages total oblivion. Even Holly forgets the place.

In proposing to illustrate Melick's verbal content, I have wandered into his psychological postscript. But the two are closely related. There are three main ways in which language functions. It can record faithfully how people talk, and to create a cultural climate. In the matter of so-called, Kit asks Holly what she knows about Montana. "The state had is the wilderness," she responds. Like any poetic schoolgirl. Later, fed up with the adolescent, Holly complains that there is "no place to get anything good to eat," the exact same phraseology of the early adolescent.

Language can also, through narrative information, elicit deep sympathy for the speaker. As Holly tells Melick by the dream Kit, her hair carefully up in curls, she plays a teasing little game: "I sat in the car and read my maps and spelled out entire sentences with my tongue on the roof of my mouth, where anybody could read them." Under the romantic label, under the bare pretense even, the girl has a flash of genuine poetic invention; by knowing her, with it, Melick makes her more three-dimensional as well as more engaging.

Lastly, language can portray character: reveal the speaker's innermost psychic mechanisms. When a cop asks Kit whether he likes people, the reply is, "They're okay." "Then why did you do it?" "I don't know. I sit-

# You wouldn't buy a new car without comparing costs.

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# Anatomy of a legend: new Datsun 260-Z.

Introducing Datsun 260-Z for 1974. A product of four years of exhaustive development in Japan, and four in America. Eight years of in-depth scrutiny resulting in numerous design and engineering refinements to give America what it wants: gran-tismo motoring as faultless as modern automotive technology can provide. And, at a reasonable price.

## The legacy of "Z"

Americans got their first look at the Z-Car late in 1969. It was love at first sight. Here was a car fired by an overhead cam six with all the power and response of a domestic V-8. A flat out performer with nice manners, an impressive list of standard creature comforts, and economy to the tune of around 20 miles per gallon.

Indeed, it looked as if the Z had found a new happy home. Road & Track called it "the most exciting GT car of the decade." In '72, Car and Driver readers selected the 240-Z as "Car of the Year." And in '71 and '73 they voted it "Best GT" over Porsche, Lotus Europa, and the like. Later a Road & Track owner survey published in 1972, showed that "99% of all Z-car owners polled said they would buy another one."

## The driver's machine.

Whatever else the Z-car is, it's a driver's machine. One that has taken the measure of its peers on the track as three-time SCCA C-Production National Champion, and three-time winner of the treacherous East African Safari. A car that has done a

standing quarter mile in about 17 seconds, at nearly 85 MPH. A car that has moved from 0-60 in about 9 seconds. A car that can transport two people from point A to point B with a minimum of fuss, a maximum of fun, and do it economically. But now it's even better. Now there's 260-Z.

## The picking of nits.

Up front the six-cylinder overhead cam engine has gone from 2.4 liters to 2.6 liters, to prevent loss of power as a result of complying with 1974 emission regulations. Heat dissipation and fuel delivery have been improved by a new transistorized fuel pump, larger fuel lines, a larger radiator and fan, and better carburetor cooling. To the rear there's a redesigned taillight panel. And a new stabilizer for even better cornering ability. Spring rates have been altered and the frame,

engine mounts and suspension all have been beefed up. Add those refinements to an all-synchromesh 4-speed transmission that puts crisp, positive shifts in the palm of your hand—and you have an automobile the likes of which could sell anywhere from \$9,000 to \$25,000.

## The affordable legend.

The 260-Z is the affordable result of Datsun-pioneered advancements in computer design and one of the most modern mass production facilities in the world.

Space-age technology also makes it economically feasible to power the Z with a sophisticated overhead cam engine. Fewer moving parts, lower inertia and less friction produce higher revs, more efficient use of fuel, and longer engine life than a cheaper pushrod engine.

The 260-Z's superb cornering and remarkable ride are also products of superior technology. Its strut type fully independent system is usually found only on exotic racing machines, and is normally considered far too expensive to be practical on a production automobile.

## The luxury of it all.

The spacious interior accommodates two 6'6" adults in unadulterated comfort. Everything is at your fingertips. Map light, overhead light, heater/defroster, standard AM/FM radio, and optional factory-installed air conditioning.

Deep cushioned high-back bucket seats recline 20 degrees and fold forward for easy access to the spacious rear deck. Non-purists can even order an optional 3-speed automatic transmission. But for all that, one of the most luxuries of owning a 260-Z is being able to

get the same parts and service you'd get if you owned a Datsun economy sedan—from nearly 1000 Datsun dealers, nationwide.

What it all comes down to is this: The Datsun 260-Z for 1974 epitomizes everything pride and technology can provide. These are the makings of an automotive legend. But don't just take our word, drive a Datsun... then decide.

# Datsun Saves

**DATSUM 260 Z SPECIFICATIONS:** Engine: 6 cylinder in line SOHC water cooled. Bore & stroke: 3.27 in. x 3.11 in. Displacement: 2560 cc. 156 hp. (at 5600 rpm), Compression ratio: 8.8:1. Carburetor: 216 cubic. Transmission: All synchromesh 4 speed or optional 3 speed automatic. Dimensions: Length: 163.1 in. Width: 64.1 in. Height: 50.6 in. Wheelbase: 90.7 in. Road clearance: 5.3 in. (front) 5.0 in. (rear).

Min. road clearance: 5.3 in. Weight: 4 speed: 2560 lbs. Automatic: 2590 lbs. Seating capacity: 2 persons. Max. towing capacity: 3140 lbs. Suspension and Axle: Front: independent strut type with coil springs. Intercooler shock absorbers. Stabilizer bar and crossmembers. Rear: Fully independent coil type with coil springs. Intercooler shock absorbers, and stabilizer bar. Steering: Rack & pinion. 18.0 in. dia. 2 1/2 turn lock to lock. Power-assisted. 4.0 wheel lock. Radio: optional. Front: Disc brake. 10.3 in. Rear: 9 in. drum brake (braking and holding shoes).



TRAVEL NOTES  
RICHARD JOSEPH

**A**BOARD PAN AMERICAN FLIGHT 680, TOKYO-NEW YORK: Since I've found no way of stopping the world long enough to get off, I've done the next best thing and fed its problems, temporarily at least by taking a trip all around it.

This is being written on the final leg of the journey. It is the tag end of winter and hopefully by the time you read this the final crisis, inflation, Watergate and everything else that made the winter so deleterious will have evaporated in the warm spring sunshine—hopefully, but not bloody likely.

The toll across that past winter seemed to be a particular shambles. Each day's mail as it crossed my desk brought fresh news of further problems. Airlines were shorting schedules, you needed a visa rule to keep up with the constant fee increases, the French Lira was violently changing rumors that it was selling the franc—largest and most important step ahead—to the Russians and/or Chinese, and because of the gas shortage the most practical way of touring Europe's highways appeared to be to make another

It was checking the travel picture, as much as the chosen to live for a while, that motivated my tailcoat, and I was delighted and a little bit surprised to find that the picture was not so far from the end. Since I actually got going, I found them were comfortably normal. At JFK, the pan-broader security-check procedure was not so strict as I had heard, and the demand to slight exaggeration. The atmosphere of the first-class compartment of an Air France transatlantic 747 will carry the sort of expensive perfume you can't have there, and the sort of service that is the mood of luxury was created by the crew and cabiniers, the pale blue dress gowns and the Chokins, the narrow champagne and the Savoyard-Benois, and the organic and liquid effect.

In Paris, the kids were still holding up their "Kids Wanted to Accompany" and "EW Camper" for sale, albeit "in" signs on the rue Scribe outside the American Express office, and, inside, Peter D. Van Zandt, American Express' Paris manager, told me that bookings were starting to pick up and France was beginning to look good for this summer's travel season. Fortunately Mr. Van Zandt was tied up doing most of the free between-plane hops I had in Paris, so he had to leave me over to Amer-

sha Lazavsky, a tall, swarthy and beautiful young woman who told me about Yesside, at 18 rue Vignon, the best place in Paris to buy caviar because they still make their purns and pilans the way they did in the nineteenth century.

Well, Monday, of course, and Tuesday was closed, naturally, and we wandered over to Franchin, the furthest food store close to the Middleclass, on the off chance that it would be open. It wasn't, but Nile Lazarek knew a Franchin associate who just happened to be passing by at that moment. He opened the shop for us, staidly enough, and I bought some green-pepper omelette as we'd wanted, together with a Franchin shopping bag that I'd seen in the news article about the Franchin. Nile told me that the Franchin was better than the other supermarket in America and everybody shopped in with "L3" on their back.



bugs. Later I learned that Mlle. Lesnauky knew the Frenchman because she knows everyone in Paris. A Czech countess, she is a descendant of the palace saint of Prague, or, less, whose statue still stands on the Charles Bridge crossing the Moldau.

Nestlé's took me across the street from American Express for a drink at the handsomely refurbished Grand Hotel where I had enjoyed a fine room when it was a Red Cross R & R infirmary in World War II, but where a deluxe single room now goes for \$76 francs, about \$24 a day.

Then off to Rome to look over the new Charles de Gaulle Airport. Europe's largest, and back to Le Bourget to board the 1000-mile, eleven-hour UTA flight to Colombia. UTA, is quite well known to people on the West Coast, since it flies from Los Angeles to Tokyo and the South Pacific, but it's comparatively new

known to people is other parts of the United States. UTA is France's privately owned airline, in contrast to Air France, which is Government controlled. UTA serves Africa and Asia from Paris, and from southern Asia it savings down to Australia.

dealing up with its South Pacific service from Los Angeles. Its routes cover 150,000 miles, connecting Paris with forty-five destinations in thirty-one different countries. U.T.A. is a long-distance airline. André Richard, its public-relations director, told me that its passengers average 3400 miles per flight, compared to an average eight hundred miles on other international airlines.

It's all a preposterous surmise. The big DC-20 was practically sold out for the flight to Colombo, and there wasn't a prayer of getting a Red-eye seat. Mr. Richard managed to wrench me a window seat in coach, though, and since I'd stayed up to watch the movies on the Air France flight from New York to Paris the previous night, I passed up the film this time and except for dinner and breakfast I slept up way through almost the entire flight to Colombo. Which is the best way I can think of to pass the time aloft.

Columbo in the capital and metropolitan area of the island republic of Sri Lanka, and don't feel bad if you've never heard of it. Colombo is a city that has not only survived but thrived for over 400 years ago when it changed its name from Ceylon. The new name was "Colombo" "triumphant city," and a new era of development began. The lush and green, with great growth of coconut palms. The climate is a mix of wet and dry, with a lot of rain, and everything grows on the island. The main crops are rice, coconuts, tea, rubber, and other tropical products. The island is also known for its beautiful beaches, and the people are very friendly and hospitable. The island is a great place to visit, and you will find everything you need here. The island is a great place to visit, and you will find everything you need here.

work in Sri Lanka, which might be one reason why two people can live comfortably for \$60 a month and regularly for \$150 a month. Here a modest four-room home rents for \$35 a month, cigarettes are thirty-five cents a pack, movies cost thirty-five to sixty cents and a big dinner in the best restaurant is two dollars. Low-



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in made good for ten to twelve dollars a month, plus room and board.

The Sri Lanka government wants to make the island a haven for writers, artists and retired people, so foreign residents are exempt from income taxes if they don't hold down a job. Beach-front property is available for about \$500 to \$3,500 an acre, depending on location, with the average about \$1,000. And a comfortable three-bedroom house, with the bathroom air-conditioned, can be built for about \$30,000.

What's the catch? No catch, except for the fact that Sri Lanka is clear on the opposite side of the globe, and the last time I took the most direct ferry company air route to Colombo were \$1,516 from New York and \$3,482-60 from the West Coast. You might be able to make part of your expenses, at least, by means of some jobless-benefit or pension. Sri Lanka is one of the world's great pensioning centers, and in Battaramulla, about forty-five miles northeast of Colombo, there's just enough of a money, coffee, tea, tourism, insurance, alcohol and tobacco right out of the land. I won't know how well I did on a couple of rocks I bought until I get back home; but at Colombo, the government's handsome center in Colombo, I picked up a sterling beach dish whose other value is weight alone, at the current market price, at about one third more than I paid for it.

**M**y main reason for flying to Colombo, in addition to getting a rich, warm, tropical taste, is that Holland America Cruises' *Freedom* for part of its round-the-world cruise. And the next time anybody asks me why I'm in Sri Lanka, I'll say, "I'm going to see if it's not so earth hot on the water."

On a cruise ship such as the *Freedom*, headed clear around the world, but this time I boarded the *Freedom* at just past the halfway point of an eighty-eight-day cruise that would carry her passengers a total of 33,341 miles by the time the ship dropped anchor in New York. Ahead of me lay Singapore, Bangkok, Hong Kong, China Island, Penang, Kobe, Yokohama and Honolulu—the most remote ports on the China Sea and the Pacific Ocean—then Auckland and the Panama Canal. Before I embarked aboard, the *Freedom* had called at Richards, Rio, Cape Town, Durban, Montevideo, Buenos Aires and Cadiz.

About 400 passengers paid between \$5,100 and \$18,500 apiece—an average of about \$10 a day plus about fifteen percent for tips—for this three-month cruise from winter

and whatever else was breaking her fortunate souls. All the world's problems seemed to drop away—at least between ports, where some passengers picked up copies of foreign-language newspapers and letters were delivered from relatives and friends reminding them how busy things were at home. Meanwhile, the passengers enjoyed what best can be described as a trip back into the work. On this 25,300-ton, 350-room, forty-story floating hotel, 350 men and women work full time to create a completely altered world and to make sure that nothing in it bothers you.

A cruise ship gives you all the facilities of a good resort, cruise ship and tourist but with the pleasure of a holiday of constantly changing scenery and the flip of a new port every few days. So the *Freedom* is run as a hotel. Instead of the usual Pomeroy's Square, there's a First Office, and the head of passenger service is not the Chief Steward but the Hotel Manager. A goodly portion of the ship's schedule is given over to portuquetry. One guest aboard figured out that it is quite possible, without fear of embarrassment, to not stay twice daily.

After the final meal—the late lunch that gets under way just about an hour and a half after second-seating passengers finish dinner—I usually managed to sneak up my forward side to the top deck where I watched the prow of the ship knife its way through the warm waters. On the night we crossed our way through the Malacca Straits on the way to Singapore, Malaysia was on the port side and Sumatra lay off to starboard, the breeze was soft and warm and there was a full moon overhead. For the most part, this was the most escape left to a luxurious mainland on a limited earth.

But escape wasn't my purpose in boarding the *Freedom*, what I was trying to do was to get two hundred other passengers in the second large group of various allowed into Macao, China. (The first was a group from the French, due shortly before me.) The approval was applicable to the past three years and gotten me quickly across, but this time—thanks to some miracle of Dutch diplomacy—Holland America Cruises had managed to smuggle up permission, and I became the first and so far only American travel writer ever admitted into the People's Republic of China. It'll be doing a feature story on my Chinese visit for an upcoming issue; meanwhile, though, I seemed alone and sometimes tragic even in this round-the-world trip. I'm just completing

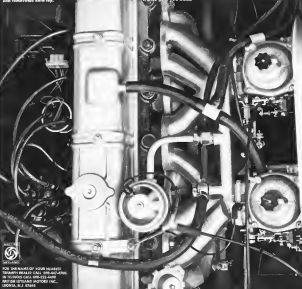
Less than a week after I had reach-

ed the new Pan Am strait, a Turkish airline, along through the past week of December 1979, and a few days after we had sailed from Colombia, I read of an outbreak of cholera there. An Ethiopian Airlines memorial flight to China, which I had hoped to join in Tokyo, was threatened with cancellation by a general strike in Addis Ababa, and while I sat on the *Freedom* were over through that the ship, together with her sister ship, the *Vendusia*, would be laid up shortly after finishing this cruise. Designed for short cruises, the *Vendusia* is the victim of several economic conditions affecting the industry, increasing fuel costs. Even fully booked as she was, the ship can't carry enough passengers for profitable operation. So next year's round-the-world service will be run by Richard Aronson, Cruise's thousand-passenger flagship, the *Rotterdam*. *Freedom* fans will miss her intimacy, but stewardship tells me we will be glad that the *Rotterdam* is carrying on for a few more years at least, maybe finding a surprising aspect of green living.

With all that in the background, I've found this ninety-hour flight from Hong Kong back home on Pan Am remarkably reassuring. Like most international airlines—and most since this time—Pan Am seems to have been having its financial problems these past few years, but there's something standard about Pan Am—maybe reliable and dependable are better descriptions. I read after Pan Am's flight five years in the newspaper's most Pan Am's DC-8s—marginal from New York to Buenos Aires, back in the Manhattan pre-jet era of 1946, when airlines carried no galleys and we ate cold sandwiches for the better—or worse—part of three days. And then, on October 26, 1950, Pan Am's 397 memorial to Pan Am's first commercial flight of Pan Am's jetliner. There have been many, many other flights, between and since, on many other airlines, but come home on Pan Am in, I find, well—coming home. ☐

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**Kodak XL movie cameras.**  
Movies without movie lights.



### FILMS

(Continued from page 16) pen at work, a chilling display showing the expertise with which the privacy of one's diaries and scrapbooks can be invaded. But the top fascination soon succumbs to two forms of excess. One is Coppola's growing infatuation with the inherent aspects of his subject, which dissolves as with over-epicurean sexual effects, closely confined with scarcely less frenetic visual hocus-pocus. The other is a mystery story that dissolves into even greater confusion, unpredictable, and opaque, at the same time obliging the protagonist, a master word-sapper with an unshakable conscience, to become progressively not more human, as intended, but weirder and less believable.

Gene Hackman deftly overplays both the character's glibness and his emotional paralysis, and though the rest of the cast is effective, Candy Williams (so good in *American Graffiti*) is woefully unconvincing as a femme fatale. And there is something profoundly irritating about a movie that presents its hero as a celebrated mastermind, and then proceeds to have him fail for a row of transparent similes. Bill Beller's cinematography is unimpaired, and the film dissolves again into the very thing it purports to attack: an invasion of the spectator's privacy with glaring visual jobs and moral jobs.

Before it is too late. More that is in one of the most cruel and unprovoked slams ever to crawl out of the Hollywood park. As for its leading ladies, Lucille Ball and Beatrice Arthur, though meant to be distinctly feminine, they manage to look, in Theodore van Buren's laudatory columns, rather like Klaus Kinski and Johnny Depp in drag—only perhaps a mile less westerly. **B-**

### BACKSTAGE

(Continued from page 21) Deane at the University of Cincinnati. "We'd like to make it clear that the speaker forty-five has magic in our eyes and ears, but whether here or in the future shall attribute to him Marcelline for the reason that Jerry has in the right number of dancers to pay attention to shall we."

Whereas most men see up this column and last April when it said Lou Kasser's Theory is a Jewish story was exempted from his book, published that month by Macmillan, entitled *Love's Guide to the United States*. The correct title is *Love's Guide to America*. Ask for it by name. **B**

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removing Peter Berman, to Eleanor Berman, who I guess is a sister of Lettman's. She said the novel had come out with good momentum, and that the publisher, Viking, seemed anxious to do an extent she'd sudden seen in publishers, that it was an important and original book. But now, she lamented, it was about to be left with what she called a stupid and unfair review in *The New York Times*, a badly distorted account by an unknown. To offset the painful effect of this bad review, she felt they needed other strong voices. So she asked in a postscript that the author and I had done a campaign weeks together in Salem.

Well, I thought, those of us who were together working for McCarthy in the storm of New Hampshire in that chaotic Spring of '86 ought to stand by one another. The Salem office was a crowded workplace and I don't remember Eleanor Berman, but I'll right this wrong that's being done by doing a great review that destroys that distortion. *The Times* and her both distorted secret. So I read the book. It's a long novel about two rival and friends, the challenges of it all barely concealed by two others that are sneaking and enraging. In *The Times's* review, the unknown had other bad things to say about it that I hadn't caught on, but certainly it seemed like a review that much for that writing to right wrongs.

The unknown, by the way, was one Brian Harris, identified as "an editor on the staff of *Newsday* America's." So, I checked the *Newsday* American's records, and I've got an incredible thick sheaf of professional letters and personal letters here from William Kaufman, a San Francisco publisher who teaches me every part time at Stanford. He is absolutely convinced that he has published a dissent. The book is question in *The Flight of Peter Froman*, a novel written by Martin Goodman, who has published a couple of dozen books but continues to be best known for running the "Mathematical Games" feature in *Scientific American* (which is what named me) and for doing *The Asshole* After. The novel is about a young dritty student who loses his faith and breaks down after having gone for years at the regular bookshops and political ideas around (one after the other) from the 1950s on. It may very well be that this book is one of those intellectual-purveyor classics, like I remember one that used to be two very important teachers, George Santayana's *The Last Puritan*. I tried and tried with Peter Froman, as I wrote Kaufman, but

other intellectual purveyors aren't as big with me now as they were in high school, or else I now realize they don't make good material for fiction, or maybe both.

There are other books here, often accompanied by personal letters, that I haven't done well by, either. It seems to be fine, when Peter Berman says, that there's a great difference between what a man could do and what he actually does. For instance, Henry agreed with Scott and me last September (there it is, surely this September's best edition of a collection of short stories by Henry Williams called *Childhood of the Magicians*). I once published a story of his that I liked very much, and it's reprinted in the book. Book was apparently published last November, by Liveright, and maybe you heard something about it, but I never did. Could maybe have helped there.

Some things are out of time about a story of Eleanor Glau's novel *Pen and Freedom* that I've got here. Annotating note says that publication is being postponed until November (that is, last November) and that the change is due to printing a new jacket for the book. Bobbi Merrill said they'd need the new jacket, but they never did. The old jacket—the one that I've not seen—has pages from on the back and on the back and flap. These aren't attributed quotes (that's no thing I never got into, thank God), but quotes from a long article I did for his journal, *Ambiguity*, on the Great Land Writers Conference, in which I described how excited everyone there had been when Henry Glau read from this book.

Then, too, there are letters here from people at Washington, which if I had any loyalty to my Marlin Alton I'd certainly have done something about. Kit Reed sent me her sixth novel, *Paper Boy*, from up there, with a friendly letter about people in St. Petersburg worth knowing. Of course it turns out there aren't any, but it was friendly of her. And here's a letter from A. S. Wernstein, chairman of the Gaussian department, telling me only *Shore Island*, by a colleague of his there, now deceased, Peter Berman. It's about a heavy-drinking New York City woman who goes on a trip and sees a lot of old-stay staff going with the substance, or someone she does. Despite the fact it's done in that letters-and-journal form that usually annoys me, I thought it was pretty good. Nice letter from Mike Lesley at Harvard sending it to me, too, which I've only I never acknowledged.

There's a letter here from another

editor, Don Hutter. I used to have lunch with him once a year when he was at Scribner's, even two years when he was at Dial, and more one time now he's at Holt. He echoes advice of Jay Neustromer's novel *Leopold*. "We are counting on it being Jay's breakthrough novel," says Don, "and are going to give it maximum support. It would be lovely if we could have you with us on it." Also a letter from Neustromer himself. I'd read the novel in manuscript and written him at some length about how much I liked it and about ambiguities in the ending. "I think you'll find it stronger as all says," he says, and then wonders if I'd see something. "If not, I'd understand," he ends.

Some of these letters seem to me to have been sent in the wrong man entirely, and I find it very sad sometimes I feel like the dead-letter office. What do they expect me to do? Bill Neustromer sends me his *Prayer Stone* Bible, a kind of book. Neustromer writes cover books, published by Chicago Review Press, and asks me to mention it. Is that going to help? Do these people think that some word from me will quadruple the publisher's print order and all budget? I can't save the world. I can't even understand the world. Even the literary world.

When these last communications here that I find it almost impossible to know what to make of. The first is a letter from Miller saying someone sent him my fiction column of last November questioning about the novel he thought have written and lamenting the fact we'll never have them. Miller said he thought it was a good and fair piece and that my points were hard but well taken. From then he said he continued to be curious himself to see how far he gets on the big novel. To me it's fascinating in the point of bewilderment that a writer can stir up so much general public interest in his program that he begins to get criticism himself about whether or not he's got his work done. Second is a letter from Sam Vaughan, president of the Doubleday Publishing Company, asking if the *TriQuarterly* people had told me my column on their "new fiction" must had sold fifteen hundred extra copies for them. That's more or less, says that I don't know what to make of this, either. The *TriQuarterly* people don't tell me, as a matter of fact, and, as another matter of fact, I don't believe it. Some mistake somewhere. Mike Lesley at Harvard, a neighbor down Maine way, which communicates (Continued on page 41)



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## THE SOUND AND THE FURY

### The Kundera controversy

Leaving aside that Milan Kundera is one of those obscure Middle European writers who academics will heap with Kafka to show how erudite they all are at making cultural distinctions, isn't Kundera a little worried about the long-term effects of the backlash you gave Kundera in your April issue? Haven't you learned your lesson after what happened with Steve Hellman (Hiroshi, Tao Luan Sheng), who as I doubt has quite a large set to grieve someday upon your collective desks? And don't you worry that Kundera's temper, after he gets laughed off the media front the way Hellman was on an overrated flash out of Kundera's glossy pen, will prove even more fountant than Hellman's wrath? Richard B. Rothman  
Hawthorn, N.J.

### Kundera's note: Mr.

High praise for Milan Kundera, your most stridently provocative yet!  
Darryl McLeod  
Rosau, N.Y.

Thanks for Milan Kundera—a man  
Mr. Parker  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

### The three A's

Your article (10/16) credits me with too much ingenuity in its remarks (Recordings, April) about my composition recorded so heartily by John and Edie Landis in December 1975. "Who set Ned Rorem on his heels on the idea of having a quartet movement on *The Physics of the Worldview*?" he asks, in some confusion since the work is not a quartet but an eight-movement suite named *Day Music*.

Although I sincerely regret that it did not occur to me to base any of the movements on the *Humpty Dumpty* tale, I did not exploit in the album series as a musical device from Ravel's *Le Gibet* for one of the movements. In your reviewer unable to distinguish between Ravel and Rimsky, or Rorem and Rorem, or Ravel and Rorem? Small wonder he finds me eclectic, and thanks my taste is a sonata!

Neo Rorem  
New York, N.Y.

### Young Walker

We enjoyed Philip Noble's article *Don Walker Is Going Fading* in the April *Esquire*. However, we feel

compelled to point out that Walter Cravette is not fifty-eight (page 206) but only fifty-seven, born November 4, 1915, in Louisville, a recent poll of our membership showed an equal number favor Walter to replace Mr. Cravette as *Esquire* Editor.  
Robert Walker  
The Walter Cravette Fan Club  
Shelby, Ill.

### Anna Mae

The Janet Swenson (April) was perfect, with her expertise. It lacked a copy of everybody's, the dancer personal therapy guide, *How To Be Your Own Best Friend*. (It has the "little gem" required point plan already.)  
Janet Swenson  
New York, N.Y.

### By the O.E.B. personnel

John Simon's review of *The Graduate* (Film, April) was one of the great reviews in contemporary foreign letter. He wrote as though he was himself possessed by River, Holden, and the Oxford English Dictionary. Truly, he deserves the title of "The Decurion."  
Robert T. Palmer  
Notre Dame, Ind.

### Fiddlers three

I have enjoyed reading your March issue about fidds. On page 64 there is an article about Lefty Gumpel, a violin prodigy. It states that it is the first time the "is the first acknowledged prodigy in America since Louis Armstrong, ten decades ago." I believe that it would be nice to correct this statement and give credit to two other outstanding American violin prodigies, Delia Jones in California, who is thirteen, and Marguerite Chase, now sixteen. Miss Chase started playing violin at the age of three, and was soloist with the Chicago Symphony at age eight; has since been soloist with the Denver, Pittsburgh, and Boston Pop Orchestras, appeared as two of David Frost's TV programs, WQXR radio, and gave forty-five concerts last year under management of Columbia Artists Bureau, studies with Seth Thomas of Juilliard, just gave a featured 1742 Peter Gonservies.  
Barbara K. Goodland  
Leachmont, N.Y.

### Contraindication in tennis

Actually, I did not tell Gerry Wills that "childfree parents ride bikes" (What? What? *Are Young Americans Against To Ride Bikes?*, March

I do a fair amount of talking about childfree adults, childfree couples, childfree lifestyles. But childfree parents? Though such a concept does exist, based on the replacement of biological reproduction with foster mothering in utero, this concept is not reflected in Mr. Wills's article.

Then, as it stands the phrase is merely a passing contradiction in terms: are the "adult" and "parent" interchangeable in Eugene's mind?  
Ellen Peck  
National Organization for Non-Parental  
New York, N.Y.

### Up the stairs again

Mr. Publishers' Page, March, political satire, like *Equinox*, is status quo accepted. And I think it would be healthy for us all to walk too. But what does that have to do with the price of gas? Your government, the giant corporations included, is screwing you, and that's the issue. *Equinox* and while it may want to, but you have the potential to say more. And you owe more to the people reading you!  
Bob McIlhenny  
Bellevue, Wash.

### Down the ivory

I suppose that Reed Rife's qualified admiration for Donald Barthelme's recent work is better than none at all (Writing, March), and my sense that he has given *disillusion* less than its due must remain more opinion in the limited space afforded by a letter column. But I wish that for the sake of clarity, that Mr. Rife would slow down his review. Surely the true meaning of such deceptively simple statements as this one goes over the heads of the uninitiated reading public: "There was a good story of his in last December's *Esquire*, too, and one in *Cosmos Quarterly*, Feb. 1973, that was even better." Thus despite the fact that *The New Yorker* must get first look at *Equinox Quarterly*, by the way, is really pretty interesting for fiction these days."

Mr. Rife understands, doesn't he—I don't want to understate this—as that this *Equinox Quarterly* story is one of the best prize-winning authorship in. But the law disallows in a recent letter to *The New York Times Book Review*, calling it "quite a worthy effort, as patches go, and particularly successful in reproducing my weakness!" I think I can understand him.

David Gales  
Eastford, Conn.

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This issue of Eugene O'Neill, One, by Arthur and Barbara Gels, was first published in 1962, and has long passed its critics. Now it has been revised and reissued in paperback. The material it contains, which has become available as a result of the death of O'Neill's third wife, Catharine (O'Neill) Mason & Sons (HJ 54). The other is by Arthur, Lillian, Brown, O'Neill, and the second is by O'Neill, Son and Playwright, which was published in 1962 and, to judge by the quotations in the revised edition, has been in the jacket, as it is entitled. It took the story up to 1930, when O'Neill was married to Agnes Boulton, the mother of two of his three children, and the second issue, which is the story of O'Neill's death in 1953. Both biographies are enormously detailed, acknowledgments in the latter book run to ten pages—and though it is a very long book, it is not a very long one, near to cover much of the same ground. The illustrations, however—excellent in both volumes—very, and the text is very good. The first volume is a full account of O'Neill's life, from his early years in New York, through his years for Louis Brandeis—who married, first, John Reed, author of *The Day After Tomorrow*, and then, in 1910, an early acquaintance, Agnes Boulton, who was the daughter of a prominent family in the Republic, and then William C. Bullitt, a protégé of Roosevelt and United States ambassador in Moscow and Paris—through the years of his life, through his marriage to Agnes Boulton, and his death in 1953. The second volume is a full account of O'Neill's life after his marriage to Agnes Boulton, and his death in 1953. The first volume is a full account of O'Neill's life, from his early years in New York, through his years for Louis Brandeis—who married, first, John Reed, author of *The Day After Tomorrow*, and then, in 1910, an early acquaintance, Agnes Boulton, who was the daughter of a prominent family in the Republic, and then William C. Bullitt, a protégé of Roosevelt and United States ambassador in Moscow and Paris—through the years of his life, through his marriage to Agnes Boulton, and his death in 1953. The second volume is a full account of O'Neill's life after his marriage to Agnes Boulton, and his death in 1953.

O'Meara's life was certainly troubled and tragic; rather like a Strindberg play, which, I suspect, he would much have preferred to write than live. He seems to have been a rather harmless, moody man. Then, along with his recurrent bouts of alcoholism, may help to explain why he often gave the impression, particularly at the end of his life, of being more or less damaged. The seeds of both the *Gothic* and *Shakespeare* may

of him assumes his major importance as a dramatist, the word "remains" remarkably drops in from time to time (Is this justifiable)? As it happens, I now severally fit his place—  
—In Moscow of the Karmayev Theatre under the direction of Alexander Tsvetay. At that time—the early Thirties—such enjoyed a great vogue in the USSR. Later, Tsvetay was arrested and his plays were completely banned from the Soviet stage. O'Neill himself wrote of the Karmayev productions that they rang true to the spirit of his work, and were interpreted by "that variety of all gifts in serious and active people, that is, by the people." So as little Hamlet as I did, I am impelled to echo his opinion, but I still have doubts about whether the plays will prove desirable in the long run. Take, for instance, a fragment of the play *From A Town of the Poets*—  
—It's like your knee of knee, and you never will, for there's the devil of pride in you, and still like you from your heart of all of yourself, and the whole of you is in your eyes, and from your eyes between you, you'd walk with this glad to be with him, and sing with joy at your own better, if only his knee was on your mouth. As a psalm of Spens, or transcendental Celtic delight, a justifiable, but no more than that, fine.

A further monument to an excellent partner in Professor Theodore Solotaroff's *Down Madison's Way* (University of Illinois Press, \$30), an elaborate dining-room and library set, is offered in inestimable volumes of the time. Yet another is a two-volume biography of William Faulkner by Joseph Blotner (*Faulkner*, Random House, \$35), which goes into Faulkner's life and work in a way that is both enlightening and entertaining. It is a possibility that might have been considered a shade excessive even for a Gothic or a Tolstoy. I cannot help feeling that in these cases the critical effort and attention may have become disproportionate. But on other occasions, such as the new edition of Ford's *Chronicle* (Warner O'Mell, \$10.95) and Faulkner will appear along with Thomas Hardy, Melville and Dostoevsky, we must leave to posterity, I think, how the Princeton story, like the Oxford story, has been told with plenty of heavy boots, imprudential dress and straw, bottle and bed and here, like the wind and the sun, all topped up with a Nobel Prize. As for slides—yes, it is still in full spate, and we must wait for the Princeton edition of Professor Solotaroff's volume on

be endorsed or dismissed. Truly, the contemporary pantheon is full of big tombstones and little graves.

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# Seven & Seven.



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Esquire

## What's Whiter than White, Brighter than Bright, Lemon-Scented and Squeaky Clean?

by Rowland Evans and Robert Novak

*The man who'll win in '76*

Senator Agnew, the first Vice-President of the United States to resign in disgrace, failed out-loud for the last time on the evening of October 15, 1975. He sought desperately to rationalize his behavior. Under terms of the plea bargain by which he relinquished the nation's second-highest office as the price for staying out of jail, he could not repudiate his solo confessions in U.S. District Court. But what conceivable rationale could there be? In these last hours, Agnew and his supporters thought they found one—the New Morality of politics. They implied that his shameful betrayal of public trust would have been ignored in calmer times, but proved fatal in the supercharged moral atmosphere of Watergate Washington.

Said Agnew: "The intricate tangle of criminal charges leveled at me . . . looks down to the conscience that I permitted my fund-raising activities and my contract-disseminating activities to overlap in an unethical and an unlawful manner. Perhaps, judged by the new, post-Watergate political morality, I did." In other words, Agnew was the victim of an ex post facto New Morality, applying higher, implicitly amoralistic ethical standards that made him victim of his earlier conduct.

Some two and one half months before, another infamous exposure of post-Watergate morality had been charted, this by another fallen lion, John D. Ehrlichman. "I think that each candidate who contests the candidacy of an incumbent has the obligation to come forward and contest the fitness of that incumbent for office both in terms of his morals, if you please, and any other facts that are important," he told the stunned members of the Senate Watergate Committee on July 26, 1973. An outaged Senator Lowell Weicker of Connecticut, sincerely believing him ours, exploded.

Senator Weicker: Do you mean to tell me and this committee that you consider private investigators' getting into sexual habits, drinking habits, domestic problems and personal social activities as a proper subject for investigation during the course of a campaign?

Sir, Ehrlichman: Senator, I know of my own knowledge of members in office who are not discharging their obligation to their constituents because of their drinking habits and if dishonest me very much . . . I think that is important for the American people to know, and if the only way that it can be brought out is through his opponents in a political campaign, then I think that opponent has an affirmative obligation to bring that forward.

Believable and defiant, Ehrlichman did not retreat on each under angry cross-examination from Weicker, insisting that "questions of fitness, drinking habits, habitual intoxication, immorality and so" were legitimate topics for investigation in a political campaign. Ehrlichman was defending the use of former New York policeman Tony Glesne as a White House agent to investigate the private lives of President Nixon's enemies. Heaved that, Ehrlichman was boldly asserting that the nation must probe as never before the private lives of candidates (with special attention to drunkenness, in the opinion of Ehrlichman, an abominable Charles Scorsese).

Agree Agnew and John Ehrlichman, their careers in vane, reached for some element of self-preservation in the Summer and Autumn of 1975, in danger no they surely. If inadvertently, however a central feature of the 1976 campaign. As Agnew bitterly observed, the next Presidential campaigns may focus on the moral and ethical qualifications of candidates to a degree not with an intensity unique in contemporary American politics. That may well mean, as Ehrlichman replaceably said, that the sobriety, chastity and superficial







# The Morality Sweepstakes, Republicans...

Using the best information and insight available in early April, Evans and Novak compiled for *Esquire* a list of the leading Republican and Democratic hopefuls. They rated the moral fitness of these men in three categories: personal life, finances, and anti-corruption. This list is discussed in the preceding essay and refers to how much a candidate has distanced himself from the murky treacheries of the Nixon years: pomp, circumstance, central villain, etc. Here, in the authors' words, are capsule reports on contenders from both parties.

## John Connally

**PERSONAL LIFE:** Beyond reproach. **FINANCES:** Vulnerable. During three campaigns for Governor of Texas and two U.S. Senate confirmations, Connally tried hard but failed to put anything on him. Nevertheless, even friends wonder whether Connally's self-made fortune can withstand the total scrutiny of post-Watergate Presidential politics. Connally's shoe business ties in Big Oil, home and abroad, do not help. Nor does he seem inclined to change his practices, in ill-furnished Texas style, of expelling his political opponents to fatten his bankroll. Most recently, he and a group of associates were lobbying their political friends at the state capital to build a highway that would open up some South Texas land owned by a Connally subsidiary to tourist exploitation. Friends say Connally will not dissent from this and will balk at full financial disclosure.

**ANTI-CORRUPTION FACTOR:** Vulnerable. If 1976 is truly the year for the anti-corruption, it probably is not the year for Big John Connally. He has all manner of the Texas wheeler-dealer image, the Lyndon Johnson accent, the Richard Nixon connections. Not even his last divided council argue that he would de-politicize the White House.



## Elliot Lee Richardson

**PERSONAL LIFE:** Beyond reproach, save for one inapplicable aberration: traffic offenses (involving liquor, most recently in 1962). The record was obscured during Senate hearings on his confirmation for Under Secretary of State in 1969, and, because White House aides leaked the story again last fall in reaction to Richardson's nomination following the Saturday Night Massacre. If he runs seriously for President, the record likely will be dredged up again, though witnesses face it once had now spent years. **FINANCES:** No problem. He lives well but not ostentatiously in luxury fees and on authorized wealth. **ANTI-CORRUPTION FACTOR:** Questionable. It is difficult to describe this stiff Boston Brahmin with his lock-jawed upper-class accent as an anti-corruption. But his career's status after the Saturday Night Massacre has transmogrified him, momentarily at least, into a man of the people.



## Senator Charles McNair

**PERSONAL LIFE:** Beyond reproach. Until the brutal 1968 murder of a daughter was solved, vicious columns were spread about the McNair family and would have multiplied in a Presidential campaign. Now that the case has been cracked, the danger ends. **FINANCES:** No apparent problem. Unlike most self-made millionaires, McNair does not seem to lack disclosure (while warning that it may endanger his family). There has been no hint of scandal. **ANTI-CORRUPTION FACTOR:** Uncertain. He will come down harder against rapaciousness in the White House than any other Republican candidate except possibly Ford, and his own roots are midlockes Midwest and Southern New England. McNair's image is strongly man-of-the-people. His visits to remote watering spots at the far ends of the earth, his radio-announcer voice and his touch of conservatism do not seem appropriate for post-Watergate politics.



## Nelson Aldrich Rockefeller

**PERSONAL LIFE:** Tactically safe. His 1963 remarriage, breaking up the young family of his new wife, distressed bright chances for the 1964 Republican Presidential nomination. Public fury over that long-ago event is aged, but any further changes in his marital status would be disastrous. During the eleven years of his second marriage, reports have appeared—some feeling they may stir post- of new marriage attacks. Rockefeller is an extraordinarily youthful, virile man who at 66 has not lost his automatically winking eye, which poses a massive threat to his last-burnt hopes for the Presidency.

**FINANCES:** Vulnerable in a sense. His millions are so well established (third generation), so vast and so famous that he probably has little to fear from post-Watergate demands for complete financial disclosure. His problem is that his past practice of financing his campaigns from the family fortune is now outlawed by a new Watergate-inspired Federal law barring a candidate or members of his immediate family to a petty combined contribution of \$50,000. Rockefeller's response to this has been a transparent subterfuge. He and brother Laurence have each contributed \$18,000 to a Commission on Critical Choices, organizations that certainly adding to the greater glorification of his chairman, Nelson A. Rockefeller.

**ANTI-CORRUPTION FACTOR:** Pretty good. During sixteen years as an elected politician, he has mastered the common touch. Still, Rockefeller was born to the purple and has never tried to escape it. He will not be seen, in Sleepy Hollow fashion, carrying his huge screen creased support.



## Vice-President Gerald Rudolph Ford

**PERSONAL LIFE:** Beyond reproach. In 25 years in Congress, there has been no rumor of personal scandal. **FINANCES:** Impassable, as the Congressional confirmation hearings showed. Those hearings revealed wide, published charges of a penny-hungry lobbyist. **ANTI-CORRUPTION FACTOR:** Unimpassable. He is still the staid, conventional Midwesterner from Grand Rapids. Not even his record of Secret Service and the Vice President's less than known can change that. Neither Frank Sinatra nor Rita Hayworth is any part of his.

## Governor Ronald Reagan

**PERSONAL LIFE:** Unimpassable. No Hollywood high life for this conservative star. **FINANCES:** Troublesome in the sense that full disclosure (which he has refused) could be potentially embarrassing to any self-made rich. The only problem of that nature came in 1960, when it was leaked that doleheads had wired out his state income tax that year. **ANTI-CORRUPTION FACTOR:** Poor. Reagan was a movie star long before he was a politician. He retains the staid stolidism of the old Hollywood star system. He travels like Imperial Augustus with banner and more obvious security protection than any other governor. The aura he could as Governor master of Nixon as President, except for one saving grace: regular, no-holds-barred press conferences.



# Democrats

Of the six Democrats rated here, two may be a bit unfamiliar. Senator Lloyd Bentsen and Governor David Walker were selected by Evans and Novak because they are regarded as unusually interested in the nomination. Bentsen is a coming force in the party, while Walker is seen by the others as the Democrats' leading dark horse. Who wins in this early Morality Examination? Well, add up the pluses and minuses and the G.O.P. comes out ahead. It seems, though, that the only man to win straight A's are Ford and Mondale.



**Senator Walter Frederick (Fritz) Mondale of Minnesota, 66.**

**PERSONAL LIFE:** Beyond reproach. Although he is the son of a lawyer, he is the son of a lawyer of literally hundreds of mostly governmental jobs on Capitol Hill. Mondale is one Washington insider's son who faithfully follows his father's teachings.

He is typically described as Mr. Straight Arrow. His political supporters like to tell the story of his trip to Portland, Oregon, in 1968, as national co-chairman of Senator Robert Humphrey's pro-convention campaign. When a young Humphrey lieutenant with the reputation of a younger president's ally at a dinner in the Senator's suite, Mondale looked himself in his bedroom—alone.

**FINANCES:** Inconceivable. Middle-income with no apparent complications.

**ANTI-ROYALTY FACTOR:** Good. Although he may not be as old-school as Ford and Jackson, there is no hint of rumormongering.



**Senator Lloyd Mifflin Bentsen Jr. of Texas, 62.**

**PERSONAL LIFE:** Not vulnerable.

**FINANCES:** Slightly delicate. His father is one of the great landowners of the Rio Grande Valley. So, like Kennedy and Rockefeller, he is the heir to a fortune. Unlike Kennedy and Rockefeller, however, he has made a second fortune of his own in the insurance business. He would agree reluctantly to full disclosure. But, say, any big-business man's tax records withheld disclosure? Just before his election to the Senate in 1978, he was accused of receiving illegally obtained firm subsidies from the Federal Government. It turned out, however, that the subsidies—not the man—were the recipient.

**ANTI-ROYALTY FACTOR:** Trouble-free. Laid-back policy rather than a Comely-style wheel-dealer, he faces considerably less difficulty in the post-Watergate mood than his old friend Connally. Nevertheless, his image as a cool, correct, unpretentious, a person who speaks Spanish to his Mexican ranch hands, may not be the right formula for 1978.

**Senator Edward Mous (Ted) Kennedy of Massachusetts, 43.**

**PERSONAL LIFE:** Highly vulnerable. If he is a candidate, not only Champagne but his active life-style will be subjected to merciless investigation.

Although he has a reputation for drinking, his real problem is not quantity but capacity. He has had little to drink over the last year, and looks trim and physically attractive. The last seriously non-famous story, dated by Kennedy, was a 1972 account in the anti-Kennedy Worcester, New Hampshire, Chronicle-Leader about Kennedy and longtime friend Senator John F. Tunney of California on a yachting trip with two attractive young women, not their wives.

A divorce from his wife Joan, once rumored possible, would be devastating. But friends say that, with the Senator and his wife often going their separate ways, the marriage has been strengthened.

**FINANCES:** Slightly vulnerable. Since his millions are inherited, they threaten less political backlash. But Kennedy has pledged to make public his tax returns and financial statements if he runs for President. This would reveal stories of the Kennedy financial empire for the first time, and there conceivably could be political fallout.

**ANTI-ROYALTY FACTOR:** Inconceivable. Nobody ever called the Kennedy style populist. And it may have been more suitable for 1960 than it will be for 1978. But Ted Kennedy is definitely not in the Nixon royalist mold.



**Governor David Walker of Illinois, 52.**

**PERSONAL LIFE:** Beyond reproach.

**FINANCES:** The comfortable fortune poses no problem, but the funding of his 1972 gubernatorial campaign poses very serious ones. Although Walker ran as a pure-blue-ribbon, anti-Daley-machine reformer, the Chicago Sun-Times last summer uncovered secret documents including the names of his corporate contributors. That information, shared the newspaper, revealed "a pattern of... apparently illegal contributions, pressure on potential donors and cash-and-cuppers deals." Walker still refuses to disclose the full list of his 1972 contributors. If the Walker candidacy gets serious, the demand for full disclosure will grow.

**ANTI-ROYALTY FACTOR:** A big risk. As the man who walked the state of Illinois in work clothes, he assumes a neo-populist posture. But this gratifies of the U.S. Naval Academy class gives off a whiff of authoritarianism and perhaps that may not suit the present climate.



**Governor George C. Wallace of Alabama, 58.**

**PERSONAL LIFE:** Inconceivable, since a would-be assassin's bullet in the Spring of 1972 made him a paraplegic. Before that, and particularly before marrying his beautiful second wife, Corbitt, there was vague state capital gossip in Montgomery about occasional romantic attachments.

**FINANCES:** Vulnerable. He has always lived a relatively simple life, but critics in politics and the press have insisted that corruption deep in his administration of state government and in the financing of his permanent political apparatus eventually will destroy him. This has not happened to Wallace during a decade outside the national political scene, which suggests the critics do not have the imagination they claim.

Wallace's major problem has been Governor Gerald R. Ford's unexpected re-election of the 1975 Wallace Presidential campaign. The 1973 Federal Grand Jury (investigating Gerald was indicted as a criminally dishonest, delinquent, which George made clear he would not run for President on the American Independent Party ticket in 1976 as he did in 1966—presumably President Nixon downplayed the investigation of harboring-department corruption has sought, unsuccessfully so far, to nail Gerald).

**ANTI-ROYALTY FACTOR:** Not quite what it might be for the political leader of low-income whites. Wallace may be closer to a genuine populist than all the others, but there is something of little Caesar about him. His gallant fight for life, however, is a formidable asset.

**Senator Henry Martin (Sonny) Jackson of Washington, 62.**

**PERSONAL LIFE:** Beyond reproach. The fact that he was a bachelor and his father's man would tell his father raised questions in Washington. Since his marriage, there has been no suggestion of impropriety.

**FINANCES:** Inconceivable as far as his own modest financial structure is concerned. But his expected refusal to release the list of financial contributors for his unsuccessful 1972 campaign for Presidential nomination poses a potentially serious problem. Although he insists the list of contributors is in violation (since the contributions were made under a legal cloak of anonymity), the secrecy raises the question among his political enemies. Is Jackson withholding private, powerful, and perhaps sinister forces in order to undermine his bid for the Presidency?

**ANTI-ROYALTY FACTOR:** No problem. Anybody who has seen Sonny Jackson struggle through a crowded airport carrying his own personal jet cannot imagine him buying a personal plane at San Clemente. He has simply, unlike his children to public school.





# This Man Says He's the Divine Sweetheart of the Universe

by William C. Martin

*And as far as anybody can figure, he's right*

**I AM UN-REAL. I AM incredible. I AM unbelievable** to those who think only of the limited conscious level of mind.

**I AM incredible because I am making the impossible possible. I am teaching people how to make the impossible possible by using their own indwelling God-given Mind Power.**

**I AM God appearing as ME. I AM the Master Mind thinking as ME. I AM the Almighty acting as ME. This is the truth even of you, and of every man. I AM the Divine Sweetheart of the Universe, loving and being loved forever.**

—Dr. Frederick J. Eberkeschetter II, better known as "Reverend Ike"

**I**t is very important to note," cautions Reverend Ike, "that when I speak in this way, I am referring to the Divine Presence and not to the human personality at all. Otherwise, it makes no sense like an egomaniac." Well, yes, one could get that impression. And the gold-plated shoes and the Rolls-Royce and the Mercedes limousine and the clothes that would make a pope blush do little to counter such an impression. But it might, if it could be wrong. The evidence is mounting that Dr. Eberkeschetter is concerned not only with bettering his own lot—as all are free adults—but also with assisting his million-plus, mostly black followers to better theirs and to gain a creative and healthy self-image in the bargain. Not only is he rapidly rising into the ranks of the half dozen or so most successful American evangelists of this century, he is also gaining a better recognition as an important proponent of "self-image psychology" to merit a modest invitation to share his thoughts with the Department of Psychiatry at the Harvard Medical School.

Reverend Ike has come a long way, Sonny. I started following his career in the mid-Sixties, when he ran the Miracle Temple in Eastern South End. At the time, I regarded him as little more than a stylish streetwise rap-act artist. An aide concedes that might have been true about the Reverend in 1965, but that Ike has changed. Whatever his motives then or are, it is unquestionably true that the reverend preaches today in a way very far from what he was preaching in 1965, and that whether or not he is still ripping off black folk, he is doing a great deal more.

Since Jonathan Edwards and George Whitefield shored the Great Awakening in New England, popular evangelists in America have defined a broad range of techniques: dark warnings of approaching doom

and calls to repentance (Billy Graham), sometimes mixed with detailed interpretation of biblical prophecy (the Armstrongs of Antiochian College); hyper-nationalism (Carl McIntire and Billy James Hargis); both healing (the early Oral Roberts, the late A. A. Allen, and the current Kathryn Kuhlman); and charismatic enthusiasm (several exponents of the Jesus Movement). In rather sharp contrast, Reverend Ike has no use for doom-saying, is usually apolitical, doubts his aides to remove those members of the audience overcome with glossolalia or the holy hunk, and has even dropped faith healing from his repertoire. "I was good at it, too," he recalls with amusement. "I'd knock people down and pray over them and guess them with oil and give them prayer cloths. I used to break up cases and walk people out of wheelchairs. I'd either had them or kill them."

In place of those time-tested techniques, Reverend Ike has substituted a blatantly this-worldly blend of ideas that have appeared earlier under the banners of New Thought, Christian Science, Positive Thinking, and home psychiatry, all served up with liberal helpings of street slang ("Ehke ehke! Don't be a clown. Pick up on what I'm saying down"), unapologetically applied scripture, and outrageous testimonials from satisfied adepts. The end product, which Dr. Eberkeschetter calls the Science of Loving, makes Thelma Harris and Norman Vincent Pease sound like depressed peasants with a bad case of the poor mouth. It also contravenes, like the Black Muslim teachings of Elijah Muhammad, a major religious alternative to the fundamental Christianity traditionally associated with American blacks.

Little in Frederick Eberkeschetter's background foreshadowed his present role as philosopher, psychologist, and pastor to the masses. At age fourteen, he followed his father into the ministry when he became Assistant Pastor of the Bible Way Church in Ridgeport, South Carolina. After graduating from high school in 1950, he attended several fundamentalist Bible colleges, spent two years in the Air Force chaplain service, then returned to South Carolina to found the United Church of Jesus Christ for All People Inc. In 1964 he moved his ministry north and established the Miracle Temple in Boston. In 1966, he transferred his operation to New York City. During these years, Reverend Ike's eclectic bag of theology contained exactly the same opium as those of other more-frock street-dancers: temporary pain-killers and the promise of the Ultimate High. After a year or two in the ghetto, however, the devoted fan purchasers were suf-



Photographed by Ned Selkirk



living from an overdose. The White House of Hope had gone insane. "I looked around and discovered people were already in hell. They no longer needed to be told they were going to hell. They needed a way out. At that point I began to develop answers to the present issues of life. I am no longer interested in what is over later. I am interested in now. That's all there is."

Perhaps because he realized his growing band of followers was not equipped to kick fundamentalism out history or perhaps he saw the sure selfish cause that a religiously conservative magazine and a flourishing radio ministry were bringing cascades of money from fundamentalist disciples, Reverend Lee continued to sound like a typical "healer and healer," listing his broadcasts and publications with storms of invocations, curses and exorcisms. Reverend Lee's philosophy, the little paper clothes he sent to those who received the Blessing Plan, the central mechanism of which was and still is a regular devotion to Reverend Lee. Despite the obvious risk in getting a winner, however, Lee was beginning to drift. In a 1968 interview between two services during a Blessing agreement, he confided he was about ready to make his break with fundamentalism. "I am fed up with it. I've had it with all these ideas and this tradition and I can't push it anymore. I have been of this and these negative ideas ever for years, and when I get a few more things clear in my mind, I am going to begin to unleash some of those who have been crucified. My presentation is going to change. Right now I sound just like another Holy Roller, but when I get my philosophy together, I will change my method of presentation."

**B**y 1972, Reverend Lee not only had his philosophy together, but he had abandoned all pretense of being a fundamentalist. In fact, although the umbrella organization of his activities is called the United Christian Evangelical Association, the acknowledgment that his message can be called "the Jesus" or even "religious" only by stretching the terms beyond their conventional meanings. Now, in the sun or at home in New York, Reverend Lee explicitly preaches that:

"The Essence of Living is not church doctrine, religious dogmas, or theology. It is the teaching of how a person may live a positive, dynamic, healthy, happy, successful, prosperous life through the commandments of the Presence of God—Infinite God—already within everyone. . . ."

"The Science of Living teaches you how to become a dynamic person. You UNLEARN sickness and know HEALTH. You UNLEARN poverty and know prosperity. You learn how to break every limitation and solve every problem. YOURSELF. Sickness, sin, fear, worry, tension, every human barrier drops away, and a NEW YOU begins to live more abundantly."

The basic philosophical tenet of the Science of Living is that Mind is the only effective causative agent. Because this is the case, the whole duty of man is to comprehend the workings of his own mind, to apprehend its relation to other minds and to the Divine Mind present in every man, and to apply Mind Power to the affairs of creation.

From this starting point, Reverend Lee moves quickly to demystify the pillars of orthodox Christianity: faith, God is not "somewhere else, somewhere else, sometime else," but the Divine Mind "within you HERE and NOW." "The Father Mind is the Father Mind in you" and Christ and Lord are but synonyms for the Cosmic Law of Mind, a law that operates with the

immutability of the law of gravity. "The Cosmic Law of Mind," Reverend Lee explains, "is the universal principle which inevitably brings to pass the materialization of every subjective realization. Just like the law of gravity, it is in action everywhere. If you throw a heavy object into the air, you know it is coming down and you get out of its way. In the Science of Living, we learn to think only those thoughts that we want to see and hear in our lives, because these thoughts are going to come to pass, whether we are conscious of them or not. The scripture puts it beautifully in Proverbs 18: 21 (As a man thinketh, so he is) and in Galatians 6: 9 (Whosoever a man sows [in his subconscious mind] that shall he also reap). When you work consciously, confidently, and correctly with the Lord—the Cosmic Law of Mind—He will give you the desires of your heart. That is why the scripture says, 'Keep your heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.'"

In similar fashion, the devil is dismissed as nothing more than ignorance, being "born again" gives way to being "supernatural into the universal consciousness" and salvation is conceived as victory over the evil sin worth talking about, negative thinking. Reverend Lee thus leaves Heaven onto the heap of discarded theological legends. "We are not interested in the in the sky but in the lot. We want our pie now, with an oven on it, and a cherry on top."

The pit of which Reverend Lee speaks is a money pit. Nothing about his ministry stands out more boldly than his unabashed love of money. Undoubtedly, it is also a major factor in his popularity. According to him, it is not the love, but the lack of money that is the root of all evil. A spend "Green Power" edition of his *Arise!* magazine pictures two fat-faced rolls of twenty-dollar bills and asks, "What's wrong with money, success, and prosperity?" Inside this and other publications, there are more rolls and stacks of bills and even a vase filled with flowers made of folded money. Several 1973 issues featured a piece called *The Money Rule* and offered tips on how to make money in with the right attitude:

#### DON'T BE A NEGATIVE ABOUT MONEY

Admit reality and seriously that you like money. Say "I like money. I need money. I want money. I love money in its RIGHT PLACE. Money is not sinful. Money is GOOD."

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU THINK OR SAY ABOUT MONEY

As long as you think and say things such as "Money is hard to get" and "I can't get out of my money," that is just the way it will be.

STOP COMPLAINING ABOUT HIGH PRICES

Say, instead, "I give thanks for money to pay whatever price for whatever I need."

STOP THINKING FOR "SOMETHING FOR NOTHING"

A person with a hope to get something for nothing is open to be cheated and exploited by others who have the same thing in mind but are "cleverer" than he is.

Reverend Lee readily acknowledges that the basic principles of Mind Science are not unique to him, although he claims to have arrived at them independently before discovering similar efforts in the writings of professional optimists from Mary Baker Eddy's era, Phineas Quimby, to Dr. Pease and Maxwell Maltz. In any case, it is relatively unusual here to be driving out to felt reveal on fundamentalism, as most "New Age" and "New Thought" devotees have done. The task of demystifying what used to be regarded as heresy to his rapidly ex- (Continued on page 149)

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# Down, But Not Out At The Palace

by Dotson Rader

*In which Josephine Baker copes with bored waitresses,  
reluctant stagehands, and the toll of years*

"I just started dancing to keep sane."

—Josephine Baker

It rained the morning of Josephine Baker's opening at the Palace Theatre.

On Broadway, outside the Palace, union members picketed the house as a jurisdictional dispute with management that had nothing to do with Baker. Above them, rising ten stories over the facade of the Palace, was a giant billboard dominating Times Square. It advertised the appearance of Betty Miller at the Palace. The Divine Miss M had closed the week before.

The only evidence that it was Josephine Baker's opening night was her name in small aluminum letters on the marquee, and the union pickets peering at passersby not to attend the show.

At ten-thirty that morning I arrived at the Palace to see the rehearsal of Baker's show. The theatre was empty except for stagehands and a few members of the orchestra seeking cigarettes onstage. At the back of the stage, against the wall, was a large portrait of Betty Miller. The stage floor was snowed and littered with gum wrappers, paper cups and cigarette butts.

I loaded the stage measures in the wings. I introduced myself and asked where Miss Baker was. The stage manager seemed nervous.

"En Bakeren was supposed to be here an hour ago." He was irritated.

"Do you know if she's still at the Waldorf?" I asked. He shook his head skeptically. "The Waldorf? Jews, I thought. Lady Paladino was here." He said that in a loud, inflecting French accent. "God knows where she is. Ask Richard."

"Richard who?"  
"Richard's all anybody knows. We call him Richard. He's black. He speaks. He, uh, travels with her. They've got to be related. Only blood could explain it.... I don't think he knows what the hell a goddamn theatre is."

I found Richard sitting on a straight-backed chair in the dim treatment of the Palace near Baker's dressing room. He was disheveled, some papers in his hand and staring off into the dim vastness of the Palace underground, a look of benign skepticism on his face. His legs were folded. He seemed self-consciously disturbed and rather proud, like a Rumsfeldt Deep Water Baptist deacon visiting the minis-

ters of the Spirit by the inner rail. In fact, he reminded me uncannily of the late Reverend Martin Luther King Jr., his head crowned like King's, his body bulky and stout, his sense of person and respectability confirmed by the fact that every letter on his tight, broad jacket was lettered, his shoes polished like silver Cossackian trays.

We introduced ourselves. Richard Martin stood and grinned, he made a quarter moon flicking over Mississippi and Pete. He smiled like Reverend King.

"Madame Avant (Josephine Baker) should be here any minute. She was up late, you know. She's a very important woman...." He spoke with the enthusiasm of a St. Louis car dealer about to unload the lemon of the year on you. "Her nephew John is here somewhere if you want to talk to him. He don't speak English."

"John?"  
Richard Martin lowered his voice. "He's Stephen. He's Madame Avant's nephew through his first wife...."

"Marriage to whom?" I had found it impossible to discover how many times and to whom Richard had been married. No one seemed to know.

"What?" I asked.

"Is John one of Miss Baker's adopted children?"  
Josephine Baker has adopted twelve children of all ages. The stated reason for her appearance in New York was to earn college tuition and support money for her adopted family.

"Uh-huh, you'll have to talk to Madame Avant," Ryan said. Then Richard grinned, changing the subject. "Did you see the motorcycle? Madame Avant owns a motorcycle in her set." He moved proud of the fact and started speaking faster, his confidence emboldened, his voice growing louder. "And she was no crook, you know, no face-lifts. She look like a young woman. I've always being asked how she stays so young, so thin and beautiful, so.... sexy." He winked. "You know, it's just a wonder."

"She really looks that young?" I had not as yet met Miss Baker.

"Yes, sir. Like a teenager. She don't do nothing special. She never exercises or takes special diets. She's my aunt, you know. I was with her for a whole week in Nice in France. Madame Avant's sister, Aunt Margaret, lives with her, you know, and helps with the cooking. Black food." His smile broke forth again. He bent toward me confidentially. "What we call soul food, spaghetti, rice, greens, chicken, potatoes...."





He stirred, I suppose at the idea of La Bohème eating all that starchy, fat-filled food and not getting fat even by an ounce. "Yes, sis, she's sixty-seven years old."

Richard emphasized the age. Elsewhere I had heard she was sixty-eight and seventy-two. When pressed, no one, including her nephew, seemed absolutely certain.

"Sixty-seven. Imagine. She does her own housework and cares after the kids, running around like one of them."

"I'll wait for Miss Baker's outrage," I said, breaking off. Richard grabbed my arm. He loved talking about his famous aunt.

"Last night, I said to Madame Aunt, we stay together at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, you know. I said, 'Madame Aunt, it's time to go to bed! Don't you just feel so tired?' And she goes, 'What are you saying?' He beamed in anticipation of my response.

I smiled.

"Do ya know?" he repeated, squinting my arm.

"What?"

"It's none of your business! Hahaha..."

"Hahaha..."

"Then she went out and had piles of Chinese food. The night before opening! Chinese food!"

I could hardly contain my giggles.

Richard rolled his eyes. "Uhh, Madame Aunt just loves being back in New York City. She doesn't hate America, like people think. She started in New York City, not in St. Louis, like people think."

A bowl eleven o'clock Josephine Baker came from the Waldorf to the Palace. It was still raining out, and very cold. I found her in the basement talking to Richard Martin. She was dressed in an open, black, fake fur coat with a short-leather waist. Under the coat she wore a light blue cashmere sweater, with an eight-inch short collar pulled over the top. Around her neck was a large, thin, gold chain, with onyx pendants bound in its links. She wore black stock, moderately belted, knee-high slacks and black Delman pumps with decorative stripes. In her hand she held a short, lightly curled brown wig. She had a pair of unusually large, bebble, prescription sunglasses in her hand. The sunglasses had tortoise frames.

From a distance her body looked small, thin and small. The next year and her body changed. She was a lovely, pale woman, the color of Check 20 of Nuts coffee dose light. And then, in the light—during the moment before she entered me and hurriedly replaced her sunglasses—I saw the high, arched eyebrows, the narrow, almond-shaped eyes that said, like French tree trunks on a wet beach, show the heavy padding of her upper lip; her cheeks, like vibrant sand dunes (reading an hour, encroached softly on her mouth when she was not smiling. She wore no eyelashes.

Baker was me and put on her sunglasses. She would not remove them again until after rehearsal was concluded and she went into makeup.

"I'm from Europe."

"Are you still?" She smiled, long teeth like a precat from.

"The tongue!" The "oh!" there are off balance. I know. Like one of my children, I always tell her Josephine. She spoke softly, her French often garbled her English syntax, and reached out and took my hand. "You stick close to Josephine, yes? Just follow along, Honey. It's your... you can call me Miss Work-Work. Because that's what I do." I knew why

she spoke softly. She was out of breath.

She tapped me by the hand behind her as the three of us went in search of her dressing.

"This theatre [Lamont] is no huge, Honey," she said. "It reminds me of the Place de la Concorde, you know how it runs there under the cars? In Paris, it was as easy happy open."

Sometimes in the first decade of this century, Josephine Baker was born in East St. Louis, the daughter of a washerwoman.

On July 2 and 3, 1917, written notes for two days in East St. Louis. When they were done the notes had drawn over six thousand blacks from their homes, burned several hundred houses, and stored, stock, packed, disassembled hundreds of black men, women and children. They burned a black theatre, and some of the women and children attempting a move upstairs there died in the flames or were shot in death running from the fire. White women and boys were part of the riots. It wasn't pretty.

Josephine Baker's family was among those who fled in terror from East St. Louis across the Eads Bridge to the relative safety of St. Louis. She has never forgotten.

At fourteen Baker left school and joined the chorus line of a touring black revue. Two years later she appeared in New York in *Shuffle Along*, a recently eulogized musical which played to the white's contemptuous humor. It was a bit, of course. And, since this was the Twenties, Baker claims her closest friends had to see a side entrance and were not allowed to enter the theatre of the front with the rest of the audience. A year later Baker appeared in *The Chocolate Soldier*, and then went on to the Cotton Club in Harlem and finally took over Ethel Waters' starring role when the Plantation Club show played Paris. She had made the big time.

In October, 1925, Baker went to Paris to star in *La Revue Nègre*, the show that introduced Europe to jazz. Not that she danced the Charleston on top of a huge drum, dressed in a few scandalous outfits. Over-night she became the major new star in Paris. The first time she saw the brass band. White love her. The press went berserk, claiming she was "Nefertiti and the Queen of Sheba and Cleopatra..." her eyelids twinkling with sequins, her fingers, wrists, throat and ears aflow with diamonds, and her hair braided like her mouth artfully revealing pearly but (a style Baker avoided) she emerged out among her adoring public like some benevolent kind of paradise to be gratified by their thunderous acclaim. "... And, so if that wasn't enough, after French critics claimed, 'She is the most beautiful of all modern women for grace, the Parisian type,'" Baker. "A famous ideal who smiles and invites all mankind." It can go to a girl's head.

Later Baker went on to triumph at the Paris Theatre where most, supposedly went crackers with lust over what was then the height of sensuality in the Paris stage. The young Josephine Baker danced wildly, dressed in a few bejeweled, dancing, strapless leotards basked at each angle as to reveal as much as possible of the dancer. She sang too.

From the mid-Twenties until the Second World War, Josephine Baker was the hottest and hottest name in the Continent. She was also the mistress of many of the great figures in the arts who moved through Paris in the prewar period. During the war she says she acted as a member of the Resistance, gathering intelligence as she crossed France (claiming she learned on tour. She entertained America (continued on page 207)

# Poland Is Not Yet Lost

by David Halberstam

*A strong people, a beautiful place, remembered*

Baker's work. Halberstam was the New York Times correspondent in Poland in 1965. While there, he met and married Elżbieta Ceynowa, a noted Polish actress. He was expelled from the country for contentious journalism, and the couple's home in New York has since become something of a center for Polish intellectuals. For these reasons, Eugene asked Halberstam to reflect in this act of recent photographs of Poland and its people.

Things go better with Coca-Cola. Perhaps even Chairman Brezhnev goes better with Coke. Somehow it seems fitting that both Coke and Brezhnev adorn the window of this coffee-house in a nation which has been twice East and West and which speaks a Slavic language, but a romanticized Slavic language. Coke is a recent addition in Warsaw (Polish has the *Coca-Cola* branding) and its reception was very much in doubt—after all, for years it had been viewed by authorities as one of the prime fruits of capitalist imperialism. So finally it came. Coca-Cola To Just Say or Coca-Cola That's It! A smashing success. Forbidden fruit, of course. As for Mr. Brezhnev, he does not often stare down at Poles, at the time of this picture he happened to be visiting Poland and so his picture was everywhere. Usually the Soviet hand at the bar was, though the Poles are acutely aware of its presence and the law is imposed by their geography. Somehow all this produces an enlightening human condition, this



combination of Slavic Catholic heritage and political dependence on the Soviet Union is a rare aerial gem. It is a tribute to the Church's hold and tradition that young intellectuals are in rebellion as much against it as against the government—that is a sign of real

heritage. Warsaw was to me what most Americans think Paris is—intense, creative, hedonistic, wild. By contrast, Paris I found bored and self-satisfied. Warsaw was alive and in no way of peace with itself. Unlike the French, the Poles were not bored with themselves.





**S**ome countries simply pay a higher price for their existence and their survival than others. The Poles, in particular, it seemed to me, bore their burdens and paid their dues as few nations here in this century, a poor country before the war—a particularly harsh and physically savage war—a postwar existence that was both politically and economically bitter. The fruits of life were few, the work hard. American youth may

rebel against the effluence of their lives, but Poland has yet to be corrupted by the electronic kitchen and the rest of contemporary creature comforts. This Polish farmer's wife bears the face of a penitence, the real physical atonement of her life and the stoic response to that harshness show on her face. Polish peasants are fiercely individualistic, and collective farming was abandoned to a great extent years ago. Which

means that farmers work very small plots by very primitive methods, and it also means that their wives are right out there in the fields working alongside them. One result is that farmers are, by Polish standards, surprisingly well-to-do, but it is a very hard life and the burdens are very real. It also means that the sons of peasants in rural Poland are having problems marrying the girls that might normally have been theirs

the young girls know how difficult the life of a farmer's wife is, and they leave as soon as possible to escape their mothers. So they often go off to the small towns to work in factories and marry the semi-urban young bloats who work there. As easier life. I've mentioned some of the difficulties of living in Poland—one of the advantages is that the bread on the table in the picture above is better than the bread in America. Real bread, real people.



**T**he civil marriage ceremony (above) is essentially simple. Performed in the town hall, someone playing a record of the wedding march. The rights of women explained (by and large written have more rights, both in theory and in practice, in Poland than here), and that's it. Next couple. Divorce is almost as easy—much to the chagrin of the Church. One more way for the State to undercut the Church,



This is Katowice which is the center of Silesia, the Ruhr of Poland. These are proud men, steelworkers who have the top jobs in Poland. When I was there, the rest of the economy seemed stagnant, but the coal mines and the steel mills always hummed; the economy demanded steel. The steelworkers' pay was a little better than anyone else's in Katowice, there was always more meat and there were consumer products not available elsewhere. I had a sense of genuine workingman's pride. Once, when I was with a group of American industrialists visiting Katowice, one of the Americans started to talk with a coal miner. "My wife does not work," the miner said proudly. The American, who was a rubologist and whose wife also did not work, nodded politely and said that was



very nice. Finally the interpreter, interested, turned to the American and said, "You don't understand—he's telling you how proud he is that he makes such a good wage that his wife does not have to work. That makes him a special man." The Polish steelworker is not unlike his counterpart in America, and his pleasures are similar on his days off—having a few drinks and watching his local football (soccer) team play.



Poland is flat, open country, what armored commanders call ideal tank country. Invaders have come and invaders have gone. Indeed, the Polish national anthem has a particularly melancholy and pessimistic note befitting a small country bordering Russia and Germany. Poland is not yet lost while we still live. This monument in Katowice is to Polish workers who died in uprisings against the Germans in

1917-1919. It is in a way a monument not just to men, but to the fragility of Polish history. If there is one thing which unites all Poles today it is the determination that today's borders be permanent, that the new territories obtained from Germany after World War II remain Polish. As for Katowice, the Poles are very glad to have it back and to be calling it Katowice again—far a time during the 1930s it was known as Stenogrod.

The Polish peasant (*owiesnik*) is suspicious of all outsiders (including his own government). His policy toward the horseless carriage is one of non-recognition. Which means that driving at night is a great test of Polish wills. The roads are very good, very flat, two-lane, and virtually empty at night. Polish city boys career down them at ninety miles an hour, while horse-drawn wagons such as this, straddling

the center of the road, plod along at six or seven miles an hour, almost never carrying the requisite lanterns on the back. The result is a desperate screaming of brakes, a fierce attempt to hold the road and a driver finally passing the farmer and screaming out every word in the book. The Polish peasant never comes back. His result is ultimate—he acknowledges the driver's existence neither before nor after the near accident.









**T**he winter is long and grey, the evercasts drab; one has a sense of one's own greyness, fueled largely by endless bottles of vodka. And then there is that miraculous day, the first real day of spring, when the evercasts come off. The girls are lovely, the sea rises. It is like being reborn.

**A** soldier guards one of the monuments to Poles killed by Germans. For me the most touching part of Poland was the sight of the needless little street corner markers which commemorate the deaths of Poles shot on the streets. Always very simple: a few names and the date.



**A**nice pleasant day is the perk of a foreigner who speaks no Polish: cops very pleased to deal with (ficer) then the French, less gruffish than the British; country boys at least). Once a Polish friend of mine borrowed my Mercedes for a late hour cigarette run. He was picked up by the police for not having his lights on. It was a very tricky situation for a Pole to be caught driving a foreigner's car. So he

intently decided to play the role of a foreigner who speaks no known language. The cops gestured for papers. He looked blankly at them. They gestured again. Again he looked like an idiot. Finally they angrily waved him on. Still he remained motionless. They began to shout for him to drive. He smiled and drove off. "Foreigners are incredible," one of them said. "How can anyone so stupid drive such a beautiful car?"



**A**n old and traditional scene: Polish youngsters on their way to Communion in a small village. An odd scene for a Communist country. The struggle between the Church and the State is a constant—the Church stronger in the rural areas where the old values still apply and where the priest is still mighty, an adjunct of the family. The State sees the Church as the main center of its opposition and believes its own

hold on the population will never be secure as long as the Church remains vital. The State now concentrates on the young—it has in effect written off older generations. But if the Church has traditional ties in traditional settings such as this, the State has control of the most powerful new communication of all, television. A mighty weapon. In 1966, the millennium of Catholicism in Poland, the State did not block the

Church's festivities (although the Pope clearly did not visit Poland as many Catholics had hoped he would) but showed a marathon festival of goodness on television that weekend. Marilyn Monroe movies, John Wayne movies, Soccer games. How much all of this touches the Polish soul is difficult to tell—who knows how many Polish youngsters will go devotedly through Communion, will later become dedicated members

of the Young Pioneers (which is a sort of junior young Communist club) and will gradually drift away from both, believing, as many Poles do, that Church and State somehow desperately need each other in their strange symbiotic relationship, but have become the prisoners of each other. At any rate the tension and contradictions here are what made the country so alive for me, so hybrid, so sophisticated—simply misused









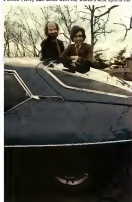


# ADVICE FROM THE WORLD'S GREATEST EXPERTS

by Peter Passell and Leonard Ross

The authors are two young self-proclaimed know-it-alls of what's best in life. They are also two smart cookies. At the age of ten, Ross won \$100,000 on a quiz show, and he hasn't gotten any dumber. Passell has never won a pile, but he does have a Ph.D. in economics, which is smart enough for us. More superlatives can be found in their forthcoming book, *The Best*.

Passell (left) and Ross with the world's best sports car



## The Best Seven Letter Word For Scrabble

$J_2O_2N_2O_2U_2L_2L_2$  or, using a blank,  
 $Q_2U_2L_2L_2C_2O_2$  E R R

## The Best Recordings of the Berberian Symphonies

Best Set: *Concertgebouw Orchestra, Eugene Jochum, conductor; Netherlands Radio Chorus* (Philips SACJ43306). The famous non-Karajan Berlin Philharmonia (DG 272697) and *Kemperer/Philharmonia* (Angel S3649) are peccata mortalia, the ancient NBC Orchestra/Toscanini is clearly the best, but it's hopelessly inadequate for modern stereo equipment.

Best First: *Concertgebouw/Bochum* (Philips 6500087)—Issued separately from the set.

Best Second: *Cleveland Orchestra, George Szell* (Columbia 307X30351).—But it's advisable only so part of the set, and hardly worth the trouble for the recording, or the music.

Best Third: *Philharmonia Orchestra, Claudio Abbado* (Columbia M56286).—Remember, though in this case it works.

Best Fourth: *Philharmonia/Kemperer* (Angel S-35563).

Best Fifth: *Orchestra Sinfonica Orchestra, Solti/Gauche* (RCA LSC-2132).—Plucky, a shade underproduced. Everything Leonard Bernstein ought to have been.

Best Sixth: *Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Fritz Reiner* (RCA LSC-2814).—The sound engineering is dated, but Reiner is not.

Best Seventh: *Venezia Philharmonia Orchestra, Georg Solti* (London C4662).—Simply wonderful; it would do Toscanini proud.

Best Eighth: *Barbican Festival Orchestra, Pablo Casals* (Columbia M5-633).—A more traditional alternative is the *Venezia Philharmonia Orchestra, Solti/Gauche* (London C50519).

Best Ninth: *London Symphony Orchestra, Leopold Stokowski, conductor; soloists: Heather Harper, Helen Watts, Alexander Young, Donald McIntyre; London Symphony Chorus* (London S2443).

## The Best Way To Avoid Jet Lag

The fatigue and disorientation which follow a flight to Europe aren't merely the product of a sleepless night coped up with 350 wakers of your fellow countrymen, a cramped machine, and a jolted

TV dinner. Body rhythms, the chemical changes regulated by hormone output, are rigidly locked to a twenty-four-hour cycle. If you disrupt the cycle, you pay. The sea tells you it is morning, but your hormones tell you it is two a.m. Complete biological adaptation takes more than a week.

The best strategy for minimizing the impact of the inevitable trauma is to anticipate the effect and begin the transition as soon as possible after takeoff. Meals are a crucial cue to the timing mechanism. Don't, therefore, let old rhythms by eating at the old schedules. Eat little or nothing. Try to nap on the airplane and then avoid sleep in Europe as well as you can.

Best of all, schedule a daylight flight, a luxury reluctantly offered by a half-dozen airlines on the competitive North Atlantic run. Get up a few hours early before departing and go to bed a few hours late (the same time) on arrival. If you are yawning and adaptable you may feel no malaise at all. If you are not, the same will pass in a day or two.

## The Best Peasant Butter

Some of life's greatest pleasures are taken for granted or denied by modernity. Surely peasant butter, the cheapest and most nutritious of foods, fits the category. For those who do not consider themselves up from P.B. and J., members of Art Baker and You Anded For It make *Slippy the Peasant Butter*. But the best is actually a cream cake, *Slippy*, the one with the darning TV ad starring the Mother Who Wants Only the Peasant For Her Child. It's simply smelt and tastes more like a potato. There is no real competition.

## The Best Grand Touring Sedan

GT's used to be sports cars with enough of the performance edge taken off—after suspension, more weight is the wrong place to qualify or heavy sedan. After all, the Beautiful People take a year to get around Europe before the era of jets. Today the term is obsolete. A half-dozen automobiles offer local bourgeois comfort and breathtaking acceleration and handling.

Some of the new-breed cars are simply expensive refined mass-market sedans. The Mercedes-Benz 450SE, the *Japanese R121L*, and the BMW 5.0 Coupé come to mind. At least they are leathered and air-conditioned and power-locked to the limits.

Yet all have the engine and handling to be able to cruise at 100 m.p.h. on the autobahn or compete with a Porsche 911 at twenty country roads. The *Japanese R121L* has the \$20,000-plus, limited-production specialty car with racing stereotypes, like the Aston-Martin DB6, the Maserati Indy and the Lamborghini Espada. There are no real tricks to these cars. Just sensitive engines, spare-no-expense design and superior quality control.

The Espada, for example, has a five-cylinder four-valve cylinder engine with six carburetors which generate 260 horsepower. It has a top speed of 160 m.p.h. and, unlike usually powerful Detroit cars, the engineering to make the Espada's track at almost five feet wide, each wheel is independently suspended, all four brakes are power-assisted discs.

But the most satisfying of the new breed is the first-of-its-kind Citroën SM. The SM might be an experimental car, something sent around to the auto shows by the manufacturer to attract crowds because model changes it might be, but it isn't. Citroën is producing about six thousand a year and selling them for \$10,000 each. The guts of the SM are the Citroën Hydropneumatic Suspension and the electric Master V6. Each wheel is independently served by a hydraulic servo system which pushes fluid around to adjust for load differentials and road conditions. The alternative suspension system displaces only 10 liters, thus beating the French lack on big cars and keeping gas consumption near 20 miles per gallon. But thanks to the SM's aerodynamic body shape and possible, it's not a stretch to project it at up to 135 m.p.h.

At such speeds an extremely heavy car's power-steering gear would become useless and even dangerous. Citroën solves this with a remarkable alternative. The steering is very quick but extremely stable because the self-centering mechanism itself is power-assisted. Moreover, the SM's aerodynamic, the power steering gradually slows down to compensate for high-speed instability.

Citroën attention extends to the passenger compartment. The leather bucket seats adjust in every possible dimension, as does the steering column; the air conditioning and FM/Stereo (standard equipment) are the best on any car; the window is better than any car's; a master panel signals malfunction in any of thirteen systems.

## The Best Zoo

Pleased to comment on the Victorian-style architecture of the newly created London Zoo, the husband-and-wife team of the *Victorian* magazine protested, "I have seen the Hippo both asleep and awake, and I can assure you that, asleep or awake, he is the spirit of the Works of God."

Americans apparently don't agree. One the poorest stepchild of city government, avoided only by the library, today most are so popular that their newspapers and movie studios—both compliments are rushing to build their own. The true no head will claim that the United States has at least a dozen fine zoos already. San Diego, the most famous, boasts a great collection of animals and a lush new 100-acre wild-animal park in the suburbs, complete with moose. Chicago's Lincoln Park Zoo is also superb, but because a functioning well pack instead of the usual many individual specimens. Washington has two pandas, Nixon bought from his apartment to the left. A small private zoo, the American Desert Museum, provides air-conditioned underground views that get you as close to desert life as you can ever hope to be. And what will surely be the best zoo in America, the well-heeled Bronx Zoo, contains a stunning World of Darkness in which usually shy night creatures come alive.

But one really surprise with the *Victorian* magazine is its own vision is that it was started from scratch less than twenty years ago—the rule of the old was victim to an intermediate highway. Lower budgets, lower budgets were made to display animals in natural settings, a technique that is increasingly common, but is carried out nowhere else in so dedicated a fashion. Instead of men there are a few remarkable alternatives. The steering is very quick but extremely stable because the self-centering mechanism itself is power-assisted. Moreover, the SM's aerodynamic, the power steering gradually slows down to compensate for high-speed instability.

Citroën attention extends to the passenger compartment. The leather bucket seats adjust in every possible dimension, as does the steering column; the air conditioning and FM/Stereo (standard equipment) are the best on any car; the window is better than any car's; a master panel signals malfunction in any of thirteen systems.

## The Best Telephone Answering Machine

Telephone-answering machines are much better than they sound. Not only do they answer the phone and record messages more cheaply and



reliably than an answering service, but must allow you to monitor incoming calls and intercept as you wish. Dynamic systems usually obscure calls and creditors.

Answering machines vary widely in price. The more you pay, the theory goes, the more durable the unit and the more versatile. No one has any statistics on comparative reliability, but the guarantee on the expensive machines are longest. The best of the stripped-down models is the Sanyo. It permits you to record a message of varying length, to monitor incoming calls (on short of the answering speaker), and to keep a permanent record of the messages simply by replacing the standard tape cassette with a fresh one.

For a lot more money than the Sanyo, other machines provide some nice frills. Remote-control units allow you to call and select messages by activating the playback cycle with a high-frequency tone. Voice-activated machines are the epitome of listening to noisy seconds of silence after a hang-up. This, incidentally, is the only advantage—most people are unable to talk back to the box on the first try; others seem to object on principle. One machine, the Coda-Phone, even allows you to keep a station on tap, rather than respond a new message as circumstances require.

#### The Best Strategy for Investing in the Stock Market

Rule 1—A Broker Can't Help Call for advice and he will send to you from the front of the Bloomberg Block, but from the research department's Time-Sharing Terminal. The lot is not hot that only today has it been made available to the few \$5,000 private clients, and only that week did their forty-one institutional clients—pension funds, bank trust departments and whatnot—get a first peek. Peddling stock as a tough business, especially in these troubled times, and chances are, your broker knows less about it than Mr. Kiplinger at Changung Truen. If it did know something, why would he give it away for a lousy \$40 commission?

Rule 2—Play for the Past Back, and the Odds Are Finesome. In a good year, the market goes up maybe 30 percent, in a bad year it will go down about the same. Even if you are bullish about America, the most you can hope for is the long pull is to stay 5 or 8 percent ahead of inflation. Now, every time you

buy and sell a stock, the round trip costs two or three percent. Over the old portfolio five times a year, and you lose 10 to 15 percent of your capital. You might discover Xerox on the way up, but it won't make much difference if you sell it in two months. In Las Vegas, at least, they give you Ante-Betragt and free drinks to wait the pots.

Rule 3—Most Systems Don't Work. The Ones That Do, Don't Work for Long. The system with the most advocates which has been around the longest is called Charles A. Chaikin's search for patterns in his people of the day-to-day movement of stock prices. True Believers are all mystics—their stock trading is in some like the Head and Shoulders pattern and a remarkable resistance to statistical inference. Unfortunately, no theory of stock-price movements is known to work better than the ridiculous Random Walk: every day is a new draw, the past has no influence on the future even if the Random Walkers are wrong, the pattern would be too small to take advantage of if you are paying retail commissions. Remember about champagne....

One system that does work is universal purchasing stock while simultaneously selling short warrants issued on the same stock due to expire within a few months. Since warrants generally sell at a premium above their actual worth, the buyer is guaranteed to win the price of the stock. Heeds you wish, wish you wish.

If you don't follow that, so neither. Enough people do understand it to wipe the entire potential gain off all the generous odd-luck seekers pay for those warrants in the first place. There is a lesson here, though. Not only must you discover a system that works—no exploitation systematically in stock prices—in order to make money, you must be one of the first to discover it.

Rule 4—Mutual Funds Are Not the Answer. The funds, perhaps. But not the Answer. What they can do is save the hassle of trying to diversify a small nest egg. Ten or twenty thousand dollars may seem round like a billion, or even a few ships, and those capitalists, as odd-luck trading can tell you. The trick is to purchase stock-out funds on the stock exchange, or avoid a broker altogether and pick up no-load mutual funds directly from the management. If you buy a weekend fund from a brokerage house, the first 5-6 percent is commes-

sion—how else did you think the salesman pay for their double-knit suits? That 5-6 percent loses you every selling, no-load perform just as well as their rag-of-weeds.

What a revival can't do is make you rich if you didn't start out that way. Diversification risks both ways. No fund manager, no matter how smart, consistently picks winners. In a bull market a fund may do very well, but the odds against it doing very, very well are high. The hottest mutual fund of all, Rowe's Pioneer New Horizons, averaged 13 percent from 1962 to 1972 while Standard & Poor's 500 stock index managed a healthy six. The second-best fund averaged eleven, the third best, only three.

One way of choosing that arithmetic is to buy a fund that diversifies in a single industry: low diversification, more risk. But then you might as well buy a few stocks on your own. Open-end funds face another problem. When the market is high, everybody wants in—the funds are swimming in cash, but there are no buyers in sight. When the market is low, sold stock may offer a good return, but the funds have no money to buy them.

For the big mutuals, it's even worse. Let's suppose now and-thenative Wharton's M.R.A., in the research department discovers a really little no-load company that may be the next Polaroid. Truhen is a company as big as Intel as a fact, selling dollars of the company held stock will drive its price up ten million. But what is \$500,000 for a mutual fund that must find a way to invest its fund? That's it. It is an impossible task in a market of Polaroid no-load funds, which didn't do as well during the Russia as the S & P 500.

Rule 5—Fundamentals Are Boring. Anything Else Is Shouting. There is a way to make a lot of money in the market, however, if it is the same as the way to lose a lot of money in the market. Since this is such an obvious point, why does such investor believe, deep down inside, he is above the law of large numbers? One must shake the psychological principle of puntal reaffirmation. A person who recovers a journal of corn such time it yields a better quality loss interest in the game if the journal comes to appear. But a person who randomly recovers a journal every second of the year will find himself trading faithfully for hours after the corn is cut off.

The only (Continued on page 124)

## Rampant Opinion

# ESQUIRE'S FEATHERLIGHT 45

For several years now, this magazine has published its annual rock feature *Esquire's Heavy 100*. Now, however, we are advised that the times are a-changin'. We are advised, for example, that more kids on campus attend dance events than rock events; that the audience for dancing in America has increased by seven hundred percent in the last ten years; we're even advised that the last time anyone added up, New York City Ballet superstar Edward Villella was better paid than a good major-league relief pitcher. Obviously, the day George Balanchine outdraws George Blanda is just around the corner. Before it comes, better check out this first-ever consumer guide to the superheroes of the dance world. Since the numbers declare that's where America is going, and the tickets aren't free, America ought to know which are the first-class acts. Just to be sure we were absolutely right about our choices, we applied to the distinguished dance critic P. W. Manchester and asked her to furnish us with a *catalogue raisonné* (all ballet terms are French) to forty-five dancers people ought to bother to shell out and see. *Pas marché* to the box office with these pages in your hand before *payant par nez. Allez!*



Albin Adams  
Cohen National Ballet

In the Fifties you could have seen him flailing in the U.S. Two years ago you could have seen it at Canada. If you ever get another chance, better let that.



Lenley Collier  
Royal Ballet

May be the Raroli's most candidate for star status. No, perhaps the current of all quakes in today's theater, and within the confines of a box. For proof, see *Le Fils du Garde*.



Marco Camillassi  
Marco Camillassi and Bruce Camille

Stepped out as front of the company in 1947 with *The Seasons*, to a score by John Cage, still going strong as a dancer and as choreographer.



Mikhail Baryshnikov  
Kirov Ballet

Would surely lose himself in the 1974 Kirov and had taken place as scheduled. Small but a sensation, and he can act as well, so the new Kirov dancer should be there.



Francesc Corbelli  
City Center

A dancer's daughter, Corbelli is what the French call *une pille bleue*—purple one. She's the secret ingredient in 1974's productions like *Katerina*.



Michael Donski  
American Ballet Theater

Has the virtues of French and American technique, plus an innate understanding of modernism. He's like James, the lead in *Le Sylphide*.



Fernando Rujano  
American Ballet Theater

The New York-based Cuban born up to his feet, Rujano is what the whole world held in breath Sunday. A potential point, many fans are already convinced.



Richard Crago  
Stuttgart Ballet

Even the Raroli's relief ever do a little more on his. He's the one who's the German, that this American got away from us.



Anthony Dowell  
Royal Ballet

The greatest promoter dancer of the Benetines, and that's all there is to it, except that he's more to it, his partnership with Antonine Babany.







## THE MANDATORY ALL-AMERICAN VACATION

by Steve Sherman

In this summer of the great gasoline shortage, bicycle maniac Steve Sherman (below) proposes you spend your vacation traveling coast to coast on a bike. Sherman, who made the trip in the wrong direction, extols the mystical union of man and machine and, more to the point, fills you in on all the basics of two-wheel touring. For conditioning, read this while running in place.

Riding across the country is ennobling, muscle-building and cheap.



A bicycle is scarcely more than two wheels and a chainy gear, but, as the March, 1933, *Scientific American* reports, it is the most efficient transportation under any circumstances: still output of any vehicle from a jet airplane to rabbit feet. Before I left on my efficient two-wheel trip from Hancock, New Hampshire, to Los Angeles, a friend said, "You watch, you'll end up with your ass between your shoulders." Another friend, a New Yorker, warned, "You're taking a pistol, aren't you?" Why? "To shoot the bugs, what do you think?" What horse? "The horse, the horse!" One serious bicycle-enthusiast friend grunted, shook his head, and said, "You're going the wrong way. You should be traveling from the West Coast to the East."

In a three-state market outside Albany, an undernourished, balding, craggy old man with a baldy like an arctic pingo informed it all—"Amen, amen, amen!" What? "What the hell you doing that for?" I asked myself and other long-distance bikers that question over and then and never did come up with a stop-all answer. The satisfaction of overcoming the strenuous? Pretending to climb a 3000-foot mountain, because it's there? "Who knows?" I did it because of some foggy line of patting body and leg together, besides getting a look or two on the top. One bike rider outside Troy, New York, was riding "fast and wet complete" because, as he declared rather imperiously, "I like to be on my own. And I like cars." At a busy Queen in Paris, Indiana, a woman schoolteacher riding from Seattle to Toledo said, "It's such a great adventure."

Whatever, I found that committing yourself to the highway on two wheels instead of four switches perspectives you didn't know existed. The clamorous of the wheels turning you down a mountain road, your hair wild in the wind, your body crouched fast into a C position, your senses lying in Mother Earth, all focus you into a new mode of seeing. You're not observing by the world as another insensitive madman ran. You're burning carbohydrates instead of gasoline. You're seeing the mountains, towering at the dark threatening clouds up ahead. You do sweat, but you also sweats up your insides, and, what the hell, it's fun.

In the old days, a bicycle was as selfish as vacation as licensed bread. Today, a bike like the two-

ty-two-pound Ghiselli, a sleek, hand-finished, precision machine customized to your individual physique, sells for half a grand. Some models, like the top-of-the-line Lapierre de Moede, crafted with living care for the exotic set, go for even more. For thirty-five days I pedaled a 10-speed, 25½-inch, 36-pound \$700 bike Triumph, one of the popularly fabricated models. British manufacturers in Nottingham, England, I had no flat tire (near Williams, Arizona) and absolutely no mechanical difficulties. The difficulties were the Greek Mountains of Vermont, the Quakos of Minnesota, the thirty-one-hour bear Sasawo winds, the wretched Arizona sun, not to mention ferocious Midwest thunderstorms and a couple of late-state trucks.

On my next trip I'll graduate to the \$120 Fuji Torero, if not the \$180 Schwinn, the \$140 Raleigh, or the \$120 Bianchi. The Ghiselli, P.F.H., both highly recommended for touring. The Fuji was built with slicker tube weights ten pounds lighter than the Triumph and sports top-line Campagnolo chain wheels, hubs, and derailleurs around a double-dubbed Reynolds 531 frame. After all, bicycling across the North American continent, one envisions the distance across the girth of the planet, doesn't one chase. The first, I feel, thought, would stroll me across the Continental Fez, certainly a great smaller than those who have walked on the moon. I discovered that going coast to coast by bike and body is impossible, but not all that stuporous. Probably two to three hundred miles cover the country each summer. This season the number will likely double, perhaps triple (with all the new frontiers to conquer and the fast crisis). According to the *Bicycle Institute of America*, more than fifteen million bicycles were sold last year (they're not selling more than the number of automobiles sold). All manner of Americans are bicycling the highways—students, students, skiers, hikers, troops, students trekkers through life.

Basically, what you need for a cross-country bike is a sturdy 10-speed touring bike under you and a gut-driven will to finish remembering trends you. You also need from six weeks to two months to pedal from coast to coast. (I went too fast and saw too little.) And, for God's sake, train for the trip or by the fourth day set your muscles will knot up like a taffy pot. Coast too far, and you'll get a sore back by joggling or running in place to develop lung capacity. Strength-

en your knees and thighs with knee bends. Tighten your stomach muscles with sit-ups. Whoever you ride for long-distance, bike, it should be accurate: that sometimes isn't for new adventures) to get on your bike and condition by riding before you actually head for the Himalayas. Ride for at least three hundred miles over a period of three or four weeks. Set up a training program of one to two hours a day riding five to twenty-five miles at the end of three weeks by riding thirty miles in three and a half hours over mixed terrain. With this backing of experience, you should cover on the actual trip between seventy and a hundred miles a day.

By Rogers, Ohio, I could ride better than I could walk. The bike and I were meshed into a well-tuned locomotive unit, pulling but not pushing. The touring market where I bought some fresh tentacles and pencils (lots of minutes) was astounded that I was returning ability to easily write a day. "Ma, I'm just these days," he said, "I can hardly make it anymore."

The tertiary elements for a successful season generally fit all the other shorter one-day, one-week, one-month-long systems. A set of road maps, preferably from the same old company or auto club so the symbols are all the same, is sufficient. The U.S. Geological Survey topographic maps are excellent but too bulky and heavy for long-distance trips. In gearing up as a machine with the most useful accessories, every bike rider should have: flashlight, hat, compass, poncho, with heavy emphasis on flashlight. Every bike should be equipped with a reliable hand air pump that doesn't malfunction as the first leak in the asphalt, the clip for your feet (to increase efficiency up to thirty percent, a tube repair kit repeated in a plastic bag, a 12-ounce can of WD-40 lubricant, and possibly an adaptor (the Japanese electric model and the British metal model work equally well). A six-inch crescent wrench, pliers, a screwdriver with interchangeable blades and Phillips adaptor, two tire-repair tools, a tire-pressure gauge, and a spoke tightener are all you need. During thousands of miles on the road, I never used more than these fundamental tools. Leave at home the bulky clutter that you feel you need with individual T-wrenches, diagonal wrenches, chain-link remover, and all the other panacea repair

pieces of heavy-duty metal. Overweight panacea ends in cluttered saddlebags and unnecessary weight to carry up and over the Appalachians.

Shed all forms of dirt. Otherwise, the inevitable mud, grease, or dirt on your pants and shoes will clog up with under sixteen pounds of sewage I grow so obsessed with such that, among other rather useless evasions, I scattered away all clean map paper along the two-lane-wide mile of my route across each state. Be cleanest. It pays. Keep in mind that Parkman's law of work (the time allotted to it also applies to sport). More space, more rest. We are each weak creatures.

I found the smaller of the two Bellweather nylon panniers or saddlebags (10½-lb. pannier) satisfactory. The Touring pannier was more convenient as recommended, too. Be sure to use bags designed specifically for bicycles, and never carry anything on your back. Let your bike do the carrying. The Touring pannier has a long handlebar bag (Bikebag) opens toward the front wheel for easy access even while you're riding, a unique feature with worth the \$10. Be cheap with your traveling companions, too. Many friendships have been strained on long strenuous trips, especially when you're faced every day with such questions to decide on what route to take, what to rest, what motel to pick, what food to eat, how much time to rest a historical marker, the necessity of drinking water, or a moment's rest, and so on. Travel with some strangers and be more than with friends and relatives. Measure the compatibility of your proposed group members carefully as well as everyone's riding prowess. If discrepancies are large, go alone and bike it, as I did.

You're more vulnerable traveling alone and more likely to suffer from hunger, thirst, and one-night fever again. Overall, though, you'll discover that the people in the American hinterlands are still friendly, gracious, and helpful. Look upon the tales of terror you'll hear as entertainment, like the time the man I rode in Sausalito, New York, told me about his nephew being taken through Omaha on his way to California. Two carloads of local townspeople with knives and a shotgun stopped him at the city limits and threatened him. "They told him he couldn't ride through town, told him never to come back," the man (Continued on page 241)



# Susan

by Philip Roth

*She was good when she was bad*



It is now nearly a year since I decided that I would not marry Susan McCall, and ended our long love affair. Until last year marrying Susan had been impossible because Maureen continued to refuse to grant me a divorce under the existing New York State matrimonial laws, or to consent to a Mexican or out-of-state divorce. But then one sunny morning Maureen was dead, and I was a widower, free at last of the wife I had taken, entirely against my inclination but in accordance with my principles, back in 1912. Free to take a new one, if I so desired.

Susan's abrupt marriage to the right Protestant boy had also ended with the death of a male. Her marriage had been briefer even than my own, and also childless, and she wanted now to have a family before it was "too late." She was into her thirties and frightened of giving birth to a mangled child; I hadn't known how frightened until I happened upon a secret stockpile of biology books that apparently had been parked up in a second-hand bookstore on Fourth Avenue. They were stuffed in a splitting carton on the floor of the pantry where I had gone in search of a fresh can of coffee one morning while Susan was off at her assistant's. I assumed at first that they were books she had accumulated years ago at school, then I assumed that two of them—*The Basic Facts of Human Heredity*, by Annus Scheinfeld, and *Human Heredity*, by Ashley Montagu—hadn't been published until Susan was already living alone and widowed in her New York apartment.

Chapter Six of the Montagu book, "The Effects of Environment upon the Developing Human Being in the Womb," was heavily marked with a black exclamation-point whether by Susan or by someone had opened the book before, I had no sure way of knowing. "Studies of the retarded development of the female show that from every point of view the best period during which the female may undertake the process of reproduction extends on the average from the age of twenty-one to about twenty-six years of age. . . . Very gradually from the age of twenty-nine onward there is a rise in maternal and infant mortality rates, the stillbirth and miscarriage rates rise and so do those for the number of defective children. From the age of thirty-five years onward there is a sudden jump in the number of defective children that are born, especially of the type known as mongrels. . . . Half the known cases of mongrels were born to mothers thirty-five years or more."

The course of mongrels are obscure, but most authorities agree that the physiological aging of the maternal organism, resulting in a progressive decline in the fecundity of the reproductive system, are almost certainly involved. . . . In mongrels we have

the tragic example of what may be an adequately sound genetic system being provided with an inadequate environment with resulting diseased development in the embryo." If it was not Susan who had done the heavy underlining, it was she who had copied out into the margin, in her round, neat, schoolgirlish hand, the words an inadequate environment.

A single paragraph describing mongrel children was the only one on the page that had not been framed and scored with the black crayon; in its own simple and arresting way, however, it gave evidence of having been read to me desperately. The same words that I underline here had, in the book, been underlined by a yellow felt-tipped pen, the kind that Susan liked to use to encourage correspondents to believe that she was in the highest of spirits. "Mongrel children may or may not have the field of vision over the outer angle of the eye (opinionable field) or the far root of the nose that goes with this, but they do have snailish heads, fissured tongues, a transverse palmar cleft, with extreme intellectual retardation. Their I.Q. ranges between 15 and 39 points, from idling to the upper limit of about seven years. Mongrels are cheerful and very friendly personalities, with often remarkable capacities for imitation and memory for music and complex situations which far outstep their other abilities. The expectation of life at birth is about nine years."

After almost an hour with these books on the pantry floor, I returned then to the carton and, when I saw Susan again that evening, and nothing about them. Nothing to her, but thereafter I was as haunted by the image of Susan buying and reading her biology books as she was of giving birth to a mongrel.

But I did not marry her. I had no doubt that she would be a loving and devoted mother and wife, but having been unable ever to extricate myself by legal means from a marriage into which I'd been coerced in the first place, I had deep misgivings about wading up imprisoned once again. During the four years that Maureen and I had been separated, her lawyer had three times subpoenaed me to appear in court in an attempt to get Maureen's alimony payments raised and my "billion" kept smoothly with their hidden million remained to the world. On each occasion I appeared unsummoned, with my pocket of canceled checks, my bank statements and my incessant returns, to be grilled about my earnings and my expenses, and each time I came away from those proceedings convinced that I would never again put authority over my personal life into the hands of some pious disapproving householder known as a New York municipal judge.











# The Incredible Revenge of Edward Gorey

by Alexander Theroux

*His terrible, sweet quill will make even these afraid*



Portrait



of



myself



in



sex



discomforts

It is a falsehood that Edward Gorey refuses to give interviews. Nevertheless, in those accounts with his thirty-six or so tiny, gleaming, nervous looks, the very thought of tracing him out (for Gorey is a solitary) might somehow seem to resuscitate in a nervous heart the monstrous dread felt in approaching the sandy chambers of desiccated Auklands or the abandoned world of the satires, *Calphie Vellach* of the *Impassables*. There is, I am saying, a specific soliloquy about Gorey's work—little pen-and-ink surface murals of delicate fright, designed, illustrated, and narrated by his own hand.

His is an unadmirable genre: not really children's books, not comic books, not art stills. Gorey's work—out of small and humarously autistic periods of the obsolete Victorian "triple decker"—are in fact madrigal novels, each the size of a bookish, withered rose in a kind of grotesque relief of ivory to thirty dreadful pages of surreptitiously articulated and curiously antiquarian Gothic illustrations and a spare but agonized pen-and-ink narrative: office merely visible and undisturbed captives of destructive agency.

With their hand-lettering, queer layouts, their framed and unframed borders, the books seem frantically out-of-control and bloody, as if they had been secretly produced out and printed in unexpressed limited editions in the cellar of some creepy railway warehouse in nineteenth-century England by some old pen-and-ink writer in a black clerical coat with webbed feet, a yellow neck, and a voice against the world—and then

managing to survive the most of half years by their own and even and strange horror. Consider the Gothic novel, its evil-sounding and deviously look-trapped world of falling objects, verminous noises, slumped pillars, rusty knots, clanking portulans, sliding monks, and festering-like knots with shivers as their heads erupting around the midnight shrubbery. Of such a world, but with so much more immaculate precision and terror, does Gorey partake, even to witlessness, by paraphrase and shorthand, its purple prose. And the power of his personal, unexpressed, an old consolation of myth and revenge that leads one to flip an almost hysterically, supports the texts to a detail. The mysterious language Gorey employs extends even to the pseudonyms (mostly anagrams of his own evocative name): he delights in using: *Barbara Dowdy*, *Orford Wooty*, *Bonny Wooty*, *Edward Bower*, *G. Wain*, *R. Andrew-Gore*, even *Edward Pig*.

It is a world of the shilling shudder and the penny dreadful, which Gorey so peoples and so masterfully names. Take, for instance, *The Faded Cottage*, a compilation of twenty-six four-line rhymes, with accompanying drawings, involving the unspeakable acts committed by fakelists, latars, ends, preachers, heretics, sinners, pangs, sinners, and foolish monks. It is an impossible—how much—enrichment of almost all violence.

Thus there is a central Gorey tale, *The Hapless Child*, in which a diminutive little girl named Charlotte Sophia, as happy and pure as St. Bernadette, swiftly

loses her parents (father killed in Africa, mother thereafter declines) and is perished off to a boarding school (on by a faucous-looking deity. Her classmates are cruel and lose her favorite doll, *Hortensia*, into the sea. The wall then detaches in five, hangs over the school wall, and wades—the fabled journey, ending either in tragedy or just plain nowhere, is one of Gorey's major themes—the heartless world. This happens in happening. She is sold to a desecrated knight who finds her as "hanging and top water" and forces her to make artificial flowers, a story from which, performed by candlelight in a dim cell, she becomes almost blind. She again sees, in her second night, "Meanwhile," Gorey pitifully writes, "her father, who was not dead

when her parents (father killed in Africa, mother thereafter declines) and is perished off to a boarding school (on by a faucous-looking deity. Her classmates are cruel and lose her favorite doll, *Hortensia*, into the sea. The wall then detaches in five, hangs over the school wall, and wades—the fabled journey, ending either in tragedy or just plain nowhere, is one of Gorey's major themes—the heartless world. This happens in happening. She is sold to a desecrated knight who finds her as "hanging and top water" and forces her to make artificial flowers, a story from which, performed by candlelight in a dim cell, she becomes almost blind. She again sees, in her second night, "Meanwhile," Gorey pitifully writes, "her father, who was not dead

after all, returned home," and one every day he goes morning—beheaded, undoubtedly abandoned, himself somewhere—disappearing—disappearing—disappearing—the little torn, mangled girl! But he, for her attention, doesn't recognize her as his daughter. And so it ends.

Themes (almost a pasting) create a horror in each drawing of *The Hapless Child* are everywhere, listed in every landscape of Gorey, flick-flicking out of the sky—on old gardens, crisscrossed, then, crisscrossed, desolate mountains, winter trees, glass-covered apogee, unmarked paragraphs, weather-battered houses, and open houses. Inevitably some never out of popularity: *Don't*—a small, waxy face appears to death by cancer, disappears with eyes rounded by red stars before it; children; any-sided celebrations never at persons dwells in love with them; burning madhouse rape and then accidentally contain five-year-old girls; golden ballerinas are washed out at the peak of their career; travails with gentle hearts disappear forever in dark bedchamber life. The only Gorey book with a happy ending is not a "happy" book at all but rather one that deals with eight macroscopic bugs. All takes place in a calendar of various subterranean Gorey's entire vision is a periphery of twisted hysteria, danger, and affliction, where solitudes are inevitably unconvincing but always abrupt. He provides no solutions. Matters are simply dropped.

Edmund H. John Gorey ("Ted") was born February 22, 1925, in Chicago, the son of Edward Leo Gorey and

his twenty-six hapless children are intensively depicted in each scene in Gorey's gruesome subterranean world *The Hapless Child*.

He attended the Francis W. Parker private school and the Art Institute (though he is primarily self-taught) and then, from June, 1944, to February, 1946, worked under Army time as a computer clerk stationed in Utah at the Dagway Proving Ground (and exactly where, several years ago, thousands of sheep were massed to death).

Harvard followed. Gorey took his B.A. there in 1948, concentrating in French, for two and a half years, his roommates were the poet Frank O'Hara. Gorey failed around with the *Foot* Theatre in the Summer of 1949, and in the Fall he began illustrating jackets for *Anchor Books*, did some work for the *Harvard Advertiser*, and generally free-lanced about with his weird little drawings, unable to find in any publisher a book he had then finished called *The Hapless Child*—now, costing about one hundred dollars the copy, his worst. It is one of the most truly horrific pieces I've ever read. No one would touch it. This was a period during which Gorey started "an endless number of novels," now, alas, all forgotten. He even worked in 1952 in Boston, for Adlai Stevenson. "But," Gorey says, "I became unattractive by it all"—and, after that experience, he took up his palette and shifted off. Politics leave Gorey (Horn, however, he passes, flags a leg over his chair, and suddenly adds, "Nixon"—the night comes from his foot-ends—(Continued on page 144)





## A Few Words on Crying

by Gloria Emerson

*All you need to know to achieve equality with women*



I have never known, or even heard, of a man who has ever said: "Don't cry. I can't stand to see women cry." Why then, do I permit it, allowing that somewhere in America such men exist even though I do not really care to meet them now?

A long time ago, I was a well-known weeper, a confidante, a kind and wild soldier who once made as much noise in a movie theatre on Eighty-sixth Street, as Gary Cooper told Regard Begonia to leave her behind in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, that an ulcer had to tell me to calm down or go to the toilet. I was a distraction.

I grew up, very slowly, in New York with hardly a dry week in my twenties. The center of things seemed squashed or about to slip. It is painful now to understand why but I did some of my most intense crying in the large, dark library room of the Riverside Club, near the bronze hearth of the dead in two-world wars, at the bar in *The Girdle*, at many movies, in an apartment at 981 Lexington Avenue, and in several Spanish restaurants where I even wet plates of green rice pills.

Young men gave me bits of clean, white handkerchiefs, as you can see it was a long time ago. You did not give Kleenex to a weeping woman. The tears chased nothing at all as I knew they could not. Crying made the best man cry, weeping at the water to bring the bill as fast as possible. There were the surprising men, of course, the men made of walnut, who always had everything would be just fine and who looked puzzled if you told them others were not so sure. The walnuts were always the men who did not know how old it could be in Korea, who did not watch the McCarthy hearings on television, who had never seen a Jew with a long purple number on the arm, and who seemed to take me to the movies on Thursday night. They did not know of the sickness (but was spreading rumors as far it could not be seen).

In a house I was watching things start to fall apart, crying ahead of time perhaps, losing control when it still did not count for much. Later as when there was real trouble, and I knew something about stress and cluster bombs and what refugees want to dream of—a home, a fruit tree, an old clock—the crying had stopped.

Women cry in rage, in pity, in helplessness. They cry because they cannot really arrange matters as they know their should be. I know women who cry when they move, who feel it is like facing your own death. There are the fellow weepers, the wailers from the bar

and grill you cannot remember, the useless letters, the reminders of pain and of love and of being that matter to no one else. Once I knew a girl named Betty who, when she was eighteen and a philosophy major, laid the cigarette burns of a man she most desperately loved in a box. I wonder when it happened that she had to throw them out at last.

Women cry for themselves and for what they have known. I used to see that extraordinary actress, Betty Paul, in a New York beauty salon called *The Private Work of Leslie Hirschfeld*. There is nothing private about it. She had a blonde mane and a set. The hairdressers did not know who she was at first. Miss Field died last year. I only just found out from a friend how he had come found her weeping in front of a television set, watching herself in an old film *The King's Fox*, suddenly seeing what her eyes and mouth and skin had once been.

We cry, and the crying is a curious, often ugly, language of our own. It is as narrow not only to pain but to the most pleasurable sort of regret. The most consistently cheerful woman I know, a decorator named Charlotte Whitcomb whose job requires her to be a kind of diplomat, goes to places in the movies. There is no point at all in anyone saying now, now, it is just a movie. Of course it is a movie. But she is in it.

"I am up there in the minute I am down," she says. We are all Regard Begonia, in that white hat, having to walk away from Depart at the airport in Cambodia, for no good reason at all. Regard will be all right fighting with the Free French. Guide Regard will see to it that Regard is not killed. But Regard is not going to be all right, ever. It is the sudden and senseless separation that cannot be borne. The stupidity of being sent away. Failures of love are slow, and suffer in loss.

Women do not really weep much by crying and they know it. It is not a way of running for a touchdown, as some men think. There are men who believe women can will tears, make them fall faster, or shut them off if a strict command is given.

There are not often a problem for Arthur Gelf, the metropolitan office of *The New York Times*, who went out let the rooming of fifty-seven important executives with getting their copy in on time. Well, see. In 1968, when *The Times* had begun to hire women in the newsroom, Mr. Gelf tangled with Nancy Moran, who was then a good-looking young news assistant serious to leap up to the rank of reporter. But she had fumbled something. Mr. Gelf was (Continued on page 179)









# Down the Blue Hole

by William Harrison

*Come as is, the void is fine*

**T**his remote southern village is called Cedar Ridge, Missouri, and, sure, you've heard of it, but you probably never knew that every day we have dozens of snakes, preachers by score and musicians, and the assorted pastime of witches, astrologers, magicians, and even, perhaps, one third.

That is the little town where I live, though I've thought of moving away because of all the competition. The pressure to exceed one's best effort is so awful here that I've considered moving up to St. Louis and losing myself in the mercenary and non-graceful life.

For instance, the other night I had sixteen snake-eating lessons at my table, sitting in a circle with their hands extended, palms up, lights out, and the thunder cracked and everybody jumped and screamed, then red fingers pointed so that a single drop of blood blossomed on each one. When I switched on the lights, there they were, astounded—they all admitted it. And I blotted each finger with a Kleenex and put all the bloody tissues into my big glass cookie jar and told them wild stories about how I would smother their blood and put them under a spell. They gasped and laughed and loved it. One of them asked how I ever did such a trick. Then they started talking about old Austin Byrd, one of my competitors, and the whole effect dissolved. Someone else wanted to know if I served refreshments.

My biggest act is my disappearing act where I and Venus go off into the Blue Hole, don't ask me how.

I've done that trick six times over, all over-lugged under my velvet cloak, reconstructive, tell my heart and my whole petty life into nothing, while the audience watches that cloth sag and empty itself. It's a great act because it's so set at all, off in the back of the Blue Hole I'm frightened, naturally, but I come back every time. Once I did this at the annual Battery Bazaar, vanishing under my velvet cloth at the rear of the hall, then coming up underneath the tablecloth beside the main speaker, rattling spoons and spilling kum loaf onto the floor, raising like Yankin forty feet from the spot where I disappeared. They were so pleased they gave me six coins 325 and asked me back next year.

That is such a tedious life for a great talent.

Funk and Wagnalls Encyclopedia describes our part of the state as flat and almost flat, and flat, right: this is an agricultural state, a market town for coffee and soybeans, a town with only a few important churches and a nice high school.

True, Mrs. Maybank, the town matron and housewife, dresses like one of the key figures from the

novel deck. Also, we have some housewives who give the evil eye to the butchers and the boys at the check-out counters at Krogers—where one can sometimes detect a slight invitation in the vegetable aisle.

How this place happened I don't know. When I came here years ago there were just a few apostles and a couple of hermetic adepts. I was just a country boy from over in Stoddard County, town of Omega, and Cedar Ridge, I felt, had a ready audience for what I already reckoned was my considerable talent. Yet this town has become a kind of circus: hundreds pour in all year—strangers all, there are losses and charities everywhere, and the pressure, as I said, on one's craft is enormous.

Terrifics are so unappreciative, too. One night I was making excellent contact with the dead at my table, summoning up a clear apparition, and then forever recognizes the face and drawl, "Uncle Faidus, hey? This here is Babby Wayne! Where'd you get that gold watch and fat you promised you'd leave me? We can't find that baby anymore!"

Just as Las Vegas has its slot machines in the supermarkets, so our town exposes its soul in public: we have ten-leaf readers in every cheap café, astrologers with astrological charts and no names, and one famous weatherwoman—Austin Byrd, yes—who advertises heras like tractors while she does up your trifles. In truth, Austin Byrd's act is pretty good; she lives in a simple clapboard house on the edge of town, so a customer can drive out there with his handle of wash and hear all the dire and wonderful predictions for his future while Austin Byrd works. She's an old bag, almost ninety, and very authentic. There with the Roanok, her ironing board set up in her steamy kitchen, running your underwear through her old Maytag ripper, she concentrates with the caution in your behalf. Also, voice from the past come straight out of her throat, while she's in a trance—you pay five dollars extra for that. She does a terrific Caesar Augustus and a good Maximus Gorbis.

My name is Homer Boparden, though after I left Stoddard County I dropped the first name altogether and my sign set found me under Mr. Mylar, and, in small letters underneath, The Great Boparden. This house of horrors, broad noses and garish hallways is my castle and domain—a yes, domain, on the evening.

My memory of my early real world is dim and colorless and, as I say about that, good releases. Women, money, glowering, friends: every reality I ever met added and confused me. The town of Omega, symbolic in its very name of (Continued on page 176)





# Dr. Seuss and the Naked Ladies

by Carolyn See

*Blowing the lid off the private life of America's most beloved author*

**I**n March of 1955, a scant month after Philip Roth had published *Portnoy's Complaint*, Theodor Seuss Geisel, the celebrated "Dr. Seuss" creator of grins and hypospadias, fuses in socks and clogs in hats, wrote a five-page outline for a dirty book. He sent it to Robert Bernstein, remember to Bennett Cerf, and Seuss's own editor at Random House. Bernstein blushed. It is to be supposed, made emergency phone calls and called emergency meetings, all to discuss this more than dangerous aberration to which one of their leading, and certainly most wholesome, writers had succumbed. Dr. Seuss played hard, meanwhile, didn't answer the phone, and laughed himself sick.

"I finally called Bernstein, after about a week, and let him off the hook. He'd caught on by that time anyway." Dr. Seuss lives in La Jolla, one of the most elegant and affluent beach resorts in Southern California, in an old observation post at the very highest point in the community. He has transformed it into a dwelling both Italianate and cozy. A man whose frontier is his richly furnished living room; a dacha or an "Italiano-hippyhouse" with a deck one with a unique Seuss character carved into a meditation at the back—chairs in the den and formal dining room. A swimming pool, blue as the backs of voraciously blooming peonies which surround it, avails the pleasure of the master of the house.

Dr. Seuss is having lunch—a perfect soufflé, blanched Belgian asparagus with a saucy of capers. He uses a gold fork. When from time to time his attention wanders, he looks out his window, which commands a view of the entire Pacific.

See, Seuss seldom, has played a key part in his life, his work, his failures and success; although his youth was comparatively modest. "After graduating from Dartmouth in 1925, I had gone on to pursue my studies at Oxford. The something (remnants of graduate work in English, the something) to memory, for instance, of all the varied changes in Old English—from a to d, from d to k, and as on—had deserted but not defeated me. I was determined to be a Ph.D. in English literature. While continuing my studies at the Sorbonne, I had the one day with my academic adviser, René Leveson, the world's foremost expert on Jonathan Swift. He suggested I devote the next two years of my life to discovering whether Swift had written

anything at the age of seventeen. I threw in my doctoral towel and took the next freighter to Germany."

During the following year Seuss wrote his first novel. "I was heavily influenced at that time by Carl Van Vechten, who often lapsed into Italian during the course of his books. Accordingly, I lapsed into Italian in my book, for pages at a time I don't even speak Italian. I picked up the manuscript a few years ago—it was very long, and miraculously never published—and couldn't understand a word of it."

Like most of the literary expatriates of his generation, Seuss returned mentally to his homeland toward the end of the Twenties. Still a very young man, he began to make his way in the world of American advertising, where he invented the immortal phrase, "Quick Honey, the FBI!" He also wrote his first two children's books, *And To Think That I Saw It On Mulberry Street* in 1930 and *The 500 Hats of Bartholomew Cubbins* in 1935.

It was then that one first revealed his hydra head to Dr. Seuss, leading him down a centrist path to the "most expensive failure" of his career. Seuss was inspired to right an ancient wrong, to set the world straight about what really happened to the Lady Godiva, and thus, in 1935, wrote his third (and first adult) book, *The Green Lady Godiva*, which took the position that there were seven Ladies Godiva, Clementine, Doreen, Angelica, Milie, Lida, Gussie, and Helwig, and that, contrary to common legend, there was not one Peeping Tom, "an (first) sonnet of questionable intention," but that Peeping was the old family name of a respected English family. Seuss told his story about seven women as adduced by the entirely delirious of their father in an equine accident that they were to abstain from marriage until they had each discovered a "horse truth." (He takes only one example from this slim, ambitious volume, the first sister, "Tenny," a girl of noble proportions, stores down the throat of a tired her knave Elthbert had sent the Godiva family the Christmas before. Elthbert told Tenny's nose off to the quick, but Seuss here, in the better, that most valuable horse truth, "Never look a gift horse in the mouth.")

"The book failed," Dr. Seuss recalls, pensive, "because for one reason, I don't know how to draw naked women, I can't get their knees right." There is something left undone in the chest area of the Ladies Godiva too, but in 1935, (Continued on page 176)





# The Bad News About Sharks

by Joy Williams

*Don't wait for the good news...*











## Rack 'em up, Jeeves

*Pool is posh again*

**A**s the black-tied gentlemen at left attest, pool has lost its stigma as a game played by inmates in seamy parlors and is enjoying a second revival. Author George Plimpton, at rear in the ballroom of his New York apartment, follows in the tradition of such former aficionados as Mozart, John Quincy Adams and Ignace Paderewski by enjoying a postprandial game with brother Grasso of *The New York Times*, knocking up his shot, advertising executive Tim Horan, behind Grasso, and striver-turned-traitor John Barry Ryan III, who maintains the old English custom of removing the dinner jacket while playing.

While new pool tables cost as little as \$500, the manufacturer demands an antique. Plimpton's table is a Brunswick Mahoe from the early Twenties. Says Plimpton, "Playing an old pool table is like looking at a show line—you like the legs!" Some of the best legs can be seen at Rick Bowling and Billiard Corporation of New York, which specializes in vintage models. There, modern tables made between 1900 and 1930 run from \$2,200 to \$5,000. Tables made after 1930 are generally cheaper, but you settle for Formica instead of wood cabinets and flippers.

With the growth of home play, pool is once again popular at charity benefits. At right, playing the New York's Phoenix House, are, top to bottom, Metropolitan Museum board Thomas Hoving, Representative Orlan Ross, industrialist Laurence Tisch Jr.





## Masters' Match

The latest sign of a sport's new social outlet is its immediate exploitation by the pay studio. Just as Virginia Slims ended in on the tennis scene, in January of this year Black Velvet Canadian Whiskey sought to corner the burgeoning pool market by holding the Black Velvet Challenge, which pitted American billiards champion Willie Mosconi against English world snooker champion Rex Williams. The Challenge com-

prised of six matches, each held in a different city. The lead-off event, however, took place in New York's grand Radio House, the historic private club of the shipping industry. Since the two players were masters of different disciplines, each match consisted of one game of pocket billiards and three games of snooker, which is played on a table with smaller pockets and thinner balls, more numerous balls. Mosconi,

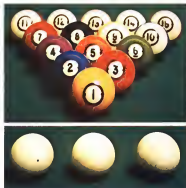
seen in the process of training Williams at billiards, also was one of the three snooker games. He ultimately won the Challenge decisively. The contest began with the referee quoting the traditional line from Shakespeare's *As You Like It*: "Let's be billiards." Eugene echoes it by inviting you to persevere our guide to great billiard gear which follows. There's all you need to be another Mosconi. Except for games



Willie Mosconi lines up a shot at the pool table, using a blind-tip cue. Mosconi, in his second year, was named with the audience throughout the match on such subjects as his age (sixty), the thickness of the beam, and his perspective of snooker. He admitted slowness of fatigue, however, he was all business when it mattered.



Rex Williams is a study in despair as he watches Mosconi pocket the balls. Although losing, Williams played with grace and dignity. In contrast to Mosconi, Williams used a small-tip precision cue, which in the past has enabled him to rack up a perfect snooker game in four consecutive competitions.



## Ready To Break

You can always tell Brunswick Continental Pocket Billiard Balls by the slight notching on the inner edge of the black circle. These balls, made by the nation's oldest pool table and equipment manufacturer, are of cast phenolic resin, which is guaranteed against breakage. The set for \$67.50.

At far left is a Bryant cast phenolic-resin cue ball by Albany Billiard Ball Company, \$6.99. In the middle is an economy plastic cue ball by Penco Snooker Company, \$1.75. At right is an ivory cue ball, rarely used these days and considered more a collector's item. It is hand turned and usually less than \$100, \$85.

## Chalk Talk

Although Mac is the most popular chalk color, it comes in standard colors of red, turquoise, blue, green and gold. It can also be custom colored upon order. In any case, its purpose is to keep the cue from slipping off the ball while applying "English" (National Tournament Chalk comes a dozen to a box for a dollar.







#### Angles of the Game

The triangular rack is brass-plated hardwood, from M. Katz & Son, New York, \$9.75. The steel-ball rack is \$5.35, from Gabeira, Oremco, New York.



#### Bettors' Bottle

It's for Kelly Pool, in which players secretly draw a numbered "pill" out pool for sinking their number, pay off if it's sunk. Gabeira leather felt bottle, \$30.75.



#### Vintage Felt

The 1933 Brunswick Arcade model has mahogany veneer, rosewood rail caps, mother-of-pearl inlay, and leather pockets with automatic return, \$5,500, including full restoration, at Matt Bowling and Billiard Corporation, New York.



#### Shooters

One left to right: The first three, from Palmer Billiard Company, are ebony and inlaid mother-of-pearl, and range from \$144 to \$160. At center are three antique

ones: a custom crafted Remore owned by actor Jerry Orbach, photographer Steve Meyer' ivory-banded Brunswick Wills Hoppe, and another Remore.

one-weight match-jointed Hoppe belonging to Orbach. The final three are Adam Osborne cues: St. Morris, \$177; Movie Cuts, \$287; and Century, \$145.

#### One for the Road

Wills Mosconi doesn't carry his personal cue around in a paper bag, and neither should you. Get yourself a leather Lord Brunswick cue case, \$30.









# Best on the Beach

Esquire's pick of what's new for the well-tanned man leads off with cool and comfortable Indian cotton gauze beach pants styled by Bill Blum (\$85). They have a unique wraparound-and-tie design, are cut with extra fullness for lots of leg freedom and are just the thing to toss on over your bathing suit.





## Free Style

The big news about these five swimsuits is that they can all double as underwear. Each features this year's smaller, tighter shape and extra-lightweight quick-drying stretch fabrics. Hit-Eight and on this page is a trim *Stretch*—a tri racing suit in blue and gold by Jantzen. (\$5.50).



Blue, green and white sea-motif stretch-suit by Jockey International (\$3).



Black and white grid-patterned *Ultra* swimsuit by Jantzen (\$4.50).



Galaxy multi-color pattern stretch-suit, tri-suit made by Mustangwear (\$3).



Solid bright orange suit made of durable stretch fabric, styled by Emance (\$9).



## Sea Slickers

For ocean spray or summer squalls, the traditional yellow slicker gets 74 styling. The driver wears a single-breasted, rubberized-cotton slicker by Nino Cerretti for GlenKasper (\$60). The guy in back has on Jaeger's rubberized-cotton rain jacket (\$105) and matching shorts (\$24).





## Protectors

When the sand gets hot, slip into these all-terrain padded clog sandals by Charles Jourdan (\$37). The polka-dot-cotton slacks are by Scotts Gray, Ltd. (\$30). Opposite, slip the hoodies with Duckhill Tailor's cotton-and-terry-cloth beach collars (\$40), tanning lotions and sunscreening creams.





(Continued from page 78) pointing out the obvious, that's how

"You will add, 'that's not true'—that's what the Bible, a great deal. As you know, fundamental people accept the Bible as the word of God. They are accustomed to believe anything Scripture is quoted in front of. So I take the scriptures and I rephrase them in my own words. I speak of loving, and that helps a lot of these make the transition more easily." In addition to scriptures, Reverend Dr. King has drawn heavily on the Southern tradition, as when a lesson from a Science of Loving study guide asserts that the words of the spiritual leader, Jesus Christ, "are the best expression of a deep-seated longing of the soul of man as to his proper place in the world of man . . . . Once this is established, the rest is easy." "I am now saying something every Sunday in my sermon as to an positive side, we shall find the love of God," Reverend Dr. King said. (Dr. King's Comments)

[illegible]

great battle with which he was pining to beat the hell out of the bad people. And we used to pray to the Lord and say, "Please, Lord, do this and do that." I'm sorry to have to tell you that Saints, but that is a false idea. There is nobody up in the sky who is going to do a damn thing for you. And yet religious people pray and that and praise themselves, trying to impress some God in-the-sky, and the preachers take the Bible and beat them down with it, and you will go back to this kind of preaching, like a dumb dog, week after week trying to get some, wear-out-their-

[illegible]

Exercises such as this move Rocco, and Rocco's cadences to litter with scandalized laughter and to look around nervously as if half-expecting a hot lightning to come crashing through the ceiling. He never really is a talker, and time passes as they study their hips not only in accordance to Rocco's direction but also in bold defiance of these responses past. He is onto something, and he knows it. "Finally, I've been rather surprised," he admits, "at how suddenly I've been able to get my hands on you from the backwash—have come to this and have accepted it. So many have and to me. 'You know, Reverend No. 1, I have felt like for a long time, but I never had the occasion to hear somebody say it. When you put me God is in your hands'—I've confessed that I have been foolish!"

Along with sorghum, bumper yields, and out-front Positive Thinking, Reverend Ike also preaches peace across the globe. He has been quoted as saying by mass evangelist—surrendering his leadership. Intention to his daily second-hour of mass after mass of those who have been brought to the church by teaching and receive constant encouragement to "get out of the ghetto and into the garden." The homely Atlanta pastor, who has been in the ministry for 20 years, is also possessed with total honesty, firmness, expectations, and a sense of humor. Reverend Ike's words, and instructions on how to live and create a better life, are a much-needed tonic for the black community, a special Blackman line, which is yet another demonstration of the black man's ability to create a better life for himself. If Reverend Ike's words, and instructions on how to live and create a better life, are a much-needed tonic for the black community, a special Blackman line, which is yet another demonstration of the black man's ability to create a better life for himself.

In such publication and broadcast. Reversed the gripes has followers to write him regularly. Undoubtedly, he hopes and expects must win caudex money, but he makes a great deal of the letter-writing process itself, claiming that even though he does not read every letter personally, he knows what they say by means of "subconscious correlation" and "rhythmic affinity" and that the very process of writing in has well start things happening in regard to them, he produces letter after letter from correspondents who tell of

the good fortune that befell them with the *Grandes Aftas* they dropped their letters over the railing. When I asked them how low he accounted for these conditions, he posited the question a second time, then said it was a demonstration of the "strong" and "weak" called "thermosphere." "The wire," he explained, "you must come your situation rather than do it definitely and positively. Once the machine is checked in a certain way and certainly the letters are carried in the most efficient manner. I don't know if you have any evaluation of the fact you have been to happen." It is possible that people might confuse graphotherapeutics with "magic." You think that possibility. It is a narrow, narrow track, with a narrow, narrow track.

chance of it or not." But, to be fair, Reverend Ike is not really trying to lose it both ways. A subsequent edition of *Action!* addressed this issue squarely: "Some call it a MIRACLE! Others call it MAGIC! But I have stripped away all of the religious and esotericisms NON-SENSE, and I have revealed it to be MIND POWER!"

Reverend Ben's approach has firmly established him as the poor man's pastor and he has, as they say, done a good turn for his fellow parishioners. His sermon is heard on approximately 370 stations and he has publicly proclaimed that the weekly *Day of Service* initiative is the most important thing he has ever done. His personal appearance is highly dramatic: crowds of 500 to 1,000 attend, and a noticeable native of Madison, Wis., is always present. He has twenty thousand, a mailing list that grows primarily by letters containing contributions to rapidly changing causes. He has a large staff, and a large sum of money in the pocket. Perhaps the total income from the *Day of Service* and other revenue-gathering activities is \$100,000 a year. He is a very rich man. Much of the money, of course, goes to pay for broadcasts, printing, and other expenses. He has a very standard operational expense for such an organization. But Reverend Ben's income for his church is \$100,000 a year. He has a salary of \$100,000, but this is supplemented by an almost unlimited expense account that enables him to purchase jewelry and other luxuries. He has a car worth \$1,500 a week, and to enjoy the use of \$200,000 a year in travel and housing.

The crown jewel of Reverend Ike's organization is the United Polish and Science of Living Institute, a former Luce's Theatre that occupies a city block on Broadway and One Hundred Twenty-fifth and serves as a mother of a church. Besides providing formal instruction in the Science of Living and granting honorary doctorates to its President and Founder (Ike holds the D.Sc. and Ph.D. Scf. degrees), the Institute offers courses in secretarial training, money management, pop psychology, drama, and fine arts. A book



Whether cruising on the highway or cutting through twisting roads,

Jaguar's independence front and rear lets the grand all four feet on the ground, rough terrain.



way or safely  
unlucky roads.

The four-wheel drive  
situated in front and rear

The incredible Jaguar alloy engine gives the car<sup>®</sup> a new standard in cubic inches of engine smaller than the 461 cubic inch of the average American.

In addition to the and instrumentation the Jaguar, there is that inside the Jaguar E-type that p

complaints with 10 belted radicals. The V-12 aluminum "unconquered" by its 326 cc is considerably richer of capacity luxury V-8, luxury, comfort you expect in a capable quality in the this automa-



Whether cruising on the highway or idly strolling through twisting country roads, the Jaguar E-type dominates all it surveys.

Its styling is so classically distinctive it has been displayed at the Museum of Modern Art.

Beneath that sculptured surface lurks something that traces its breeding to the legendary Jugue victories at the 24-Hour Race of Le Mans.

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In addition to the luxury, comfort and instrumentation that you expect in a Jaguar, there is that irrefutable quality in the Jaguar E-type that gave this automa-

like its name, Jaguar, a magnificent beast, wild of spirit but in full control of its powers, exuberant yet disciplined.

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800-333-3333, call (800) 333-3400 Toll Free.

**Jaquar** 



The testimony of Edward Malen Jr. is pivotal of those who sit on the

To share the service Reverend DeLoach presides over a Visualization Prayer Treatment. The mental imagery of the participants is intended to transfer to those of prophetic vision. By concentrating on the good they desire, those undergoing the Treatment automatically set up subconscious vibrations that will "enable their imagination to be the hand of God," he says. "The things they can pass to the condition they have consciously imagined." Like a magnifying-tower lens, Reverend DeLoach says one of the crown chakra and directs his "back to 'Iron hand, flinty tongue' and 'the power of the sword'—the power of the sword of faith and vision."

When a service ended a few minutes later, Reverend Jim responded to a private note on the Pelosco to shower and change clothes. As he slipped a black reversionist kilt of the same royal purple as the kilt he wore to respond to the cry of his black militants who claim he is draining the ghetto of money that should go for shoes, milk, and rent, and spending it instead on cars, clothes, and goldfish, he was asked to give a few more minutes before. "If I could say that to someone knowing I am going to lead 50 thousand people up to city hall to demand more justice, they would say, 'Yes, yes, Reverend Jim, it must.'"

He then turned to the black militants and the white liberals who treat

**"Behind us 40 tons of thundering Australian surf... ahead of us an obstacle course of jagged rocks."**



"If Hawaii's thundering waves don't wipe you out... trying riding the wild water of Australia's Tasman Sea in a kayak. All it takes is balance, boatsmanship... and bats in your belfry.

**"Wham! A breaker walloped us!** I felt like I was caught in the spin cycle of a giant washing machine. And when Cindy found a limp rag on the beach, I realized it was me.

"Later, we toasted our adventure with **Canadian Club** at Doyle's Restaurant in Sydney." Wherever you go, C.C. welcomes you. More appreciate its incomparable that never stops pleasing you that's perfect company long Canadian Club—It's In The House™ in 87 lands.



*Canadian Club*  
Imported in bottle from Canada.







[illegible]

There is a constant tone in Gurney's vein of angst and painful fitting, the upshot, possibly of being incredibly low or perhaps the result of having one of those personalities that is attracted to every unblest and quirk. His lapors are clear in a hapless, maverick way, just as though—Gurney by H. A. H.—he is ready to hand Charles his shot and pass out with a shiver of something like, "Venerable?" But just as one concludes that, Gurney is suddenly alive with a vigorous observance or a laugh "I have given you," he grows happily "conspicuous because of interest."

About such he shows a general weariness and, shunning frequent, if borrows demonstratively unconcerned about things he feels don't count (the pretty movies and television), dismissing such with a fading alibi: here and that fitfully hyperbolic groan. Much of his new work Gorey goes pooh, affirming himself only a preference for two—in *Invitations—The Nursery Press* (1894) and *The Elfin-tail Book* (1971).

"The man being a singer," George declared. That is a fact. But the real point was that the Gipsy devotee had his arse over England at once the horns and purple-reds were-how of his almost every back-cricked, as such, it is so gradually and unperceptibly Britanize a manner as could be found in the drawings of Crumbach or Port. George's is an almost exclusively Edwardian/Victorian style, with a few touches of the early 20th-century. The Gipsy, the Peacock, the Wagoner, the Promoter, Mrs. Man, Voltaire's Democracy, The Crumpton Flamingo, Works, Monopole, Australia, etc., and the reader, if at first amazed, is

heads all nearly appressed, mustachoid  
grotes in prefrontals and snail-length  
suffrutes; leaves, and for new develop-  
ment; shooting young; tridentate  
leaf; stippled flowers in terminal  
English mares; gametophyte, de-  
veloped mature bromeliads; pokers;  
cragg fields, droplets, humilis; ac-  
cretive dark-er of vamps with furrows  
and long capitate lobes; leaves, old  
chapters in blue; pale; perianth  
green, with yellow lobes, along to  
set.

[illegible]

Tyrer (1960) readily admitted him-  
self, yet, teaching on that, Gusev ad-  
mits that these specific places should  
have been abroad: (1) the Klyukva Gar-  
den in Kirov, (2) the monstrous Ro-  
manov stones, near Orsk in the province  
of Votkinsk, where wood masses, mon-  
oliths of berberis, slate, and granitic  
conglomerates, have Gusev known since  
his very youth; and (3) the unknown, dis-  
covered by M. Gusev, the "Bogomol-  
ny" in the village of "Bogomolny" where  
the unknown are assumed and there is  
strongly to interpret at all between  
surface and subterranean elements.  
These are the only places he wishes to  
visit, he admits, and there's an end to

The writing of Harold Pinter, now that, he of the precocious, witty, and possibly naive or so much, Gorny calls it "the greatest influence on me." Oh, he laughs, "because he is so concise and so much oblique." And then, prodded by Gorny into naming his favorite authors—Christiansen, clearly—Jens Andersen, Truelsen (Gorny's read the left), the Latin books of the prolific Edvard, E. F. Fossum, and, among contemporary, unsurprisingly, Bernt and Berne. He enjoys Sarah Gryn

Jonett. And Francis Funge, Max Jacob and Expensive Quetzana are three French writers he's especially taken with. "I detect Henry James—one of the worst writers, shameless, don't you agree? He went downhill when he started all that dictioning." Gorey splays out in his chair, grins and looks up. "I've read virtually everything he wrote."

[illegible][illegible]

□

Give Dad



Don't just make D  
make him feel

the only vodka



**STOLICHNAYA**

had feel good,  
important.













making it clear to her that people are not going to be intimidated by the shallow play of a thirty-four-year-old woman."

"I've just any good-bye,"  
"All right. I won't make an issue over a few more minutes," she said, though it was apparent that her little, she had been raised by a hysterical French aunt. "He has been carrying on in the apartment for a week now. He gets the mailman in at every morning. Now she is exhibiting him in it for you. Given that less than two weeks ago, I was taking a walk in the park and that you could stand up to me with self-control as our southern dance, and hence the rather transparent display of teenage vulgarism."

"That is not what I am responding to. I lived with Susan for over three years."

"I don't wish to know about that. I was never delighted by that arrangement. I despised it, in fact."

"I was only explaining to you why I'd prefer not to have without at least telling her that I'm going."

"She said, 'It is not possible for you to leave because she is living in the back with her legs spread apart and...'"

"And," I replied, my face flushed, "because she was the reason I was there."

"Is that all you people can think about?"

"What people are you referring to?"

"People like yourself and my daughter, experimenting with one another's genitals, up there in New York. When you are doing things different from men and grow up. You know you were had the slightest intention of making Susan your wife. You are the man of a 'woman' that that Susan grew up to be called 'bitchman'. They don't believe in marriage, with its risks and its trials and the difficulties in it, do they? I have them. Well, that is your business—and your prerogative. I am sure, as an artist, that you should not be so reckless as to try your own tricks upon someone like Susan, who happens to come from a different background and did not intend to come to more traditional standards of conduct. Look at her out there, trying to hard to be a servant for your benefit. How could you have wanted her to reach a celebration in that girl's hand? Of all the things to encourage a person like Susan to do, why would you encourage her to have sex with you? What every hot woman in the world is turned on by, my daughter, Susan? To what end, Mr. Thompson, other than to crush your unquenchable sexual desire? What she endured and through—"

"I don't know where to begin to tell you that you're wrong."

"I walked out into the garden and laid down at a body as beautiful to me as my own."

"I'm going now," I said.

"She spent her time, against the sun, and she laughed, and smiled, perhaps surprisingly cynical laugh, then, after a second's contemplation, she raised the

hand nearest to me from where it dangled to the ground and placed it on my forehead, the legs of my trousers. And she held me like that for two or three minutes, and I was not able to move. I did nothing but stand there, being held. From where she had stepped out onto the patio, Mrs. Sanchez looked at me.

"That old couldn't have lasted so long as a minute."

Susan lowered her hand to her bare stomach. "Go ahead," she whispered. "Go!" But just before I moved away, she seized my hand and pressed her cheek to my breast.

"And I was wrong," said Mrs. Sanchez, her nose buried at last, as I passed through the living room to the street.

At the time we met, Susan was just thirty and had been living for eleven years in the top apartment at Seventy-ninth and Park, that had become hers (along with the eighteenth-century English mahogany furniture, the heavy velvet draperies, the Agatestone carpets, and two oil-painted portraits of ancestors in McCall and McGee Industries) when the company placed her young husband in a position that required him to move outside to update New York stock markets into the marriage. In that marrying the young heir had been considered by respectable her father, who, characteristically, had remained silent a fantastic stroke of luck for a girl who hadn't enough in the ball to survive two centuries of edicts, Susan (who eventually decided to me that she really hadn't liked McCall that much) took to it with great ease. Convinced that her chances were all used up at twenty, she retired to her bed, and in there, alone and mysterious, every single day during the months of marriage. As a result, she wound up doing wonderful for me months at a fashionable "beach house" down in Boca Grande known as the Institute for Better Living. Her father would have preferred that she return to the house on Riverside Avenue in the city, but she wouldn't. Her mother-in-law, Susan's "cousin" at the Institute had long talks with her about maturity and the end of her stay had convinced her to return to her apartment at Seventy-ninth and Park and "give it a try on her own." To be sure, she had never been preferred to return to Princeton and the father she addressed "mother" for him in the library, teaching him at Father's, living with him on weekends when the need was only living with her father didn't exist living under the gaze of her mother, that gave that frightened her deeply because it was "I'm used to you and you want me away."

In Manhattan, the rich and busy ladies in her building who "adapted" Susan, made it their business to keep her occupied—training their servants for them during the week, and on Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays, accompanying schoolchildren around town to be sure they didn't lose their manners and were home in time for supper (to

which Susan, having sung her service little things out for it, would sometimes be invited). That was what she did for eleven years, and, of course, the "fixed up" the apartment that she and the ghost named "Jenny" had never really "finished." Every few years she needed to be someone else's wife, and she was a Columbia. Always she would take some notes and diligently do all the reading, and each time in the beginning, she felt that the professor was going to read upon her to speak. She would disappear then from the classroom for a time, however, looking up with the professor at home, even giving herself tests of her own devising. She made some use of her own three eleven years, mostly after chemistry classes and classes, which she attended on the arm of a teacher's nephew or some young cousin of the professor, a young something or other in the world that was very much at home, and after a while did not even require the aid of a tutor for her to be able to "speak," she just opened her lips a little and was like who was rising in the world did what little remained to be done.

Remembering the custom and expense (as maybe it was just the thoughtless discomfort) and her father's next day, she asked the student in a folder in the cabinet that contained his lecture notes and self-constructed, unrecorded examinations. "Will call Great Smith, Goss, A. C. Or B. or C."

Early each morning there would generally be a knock on her apartment door: a man to ask if she would have something to eat, while she was away in the night. These were the husbands of the women in the building for whom she was supposed to be doing picking up minutes of fabric and strengthening and took to change accounts. They were not told these what a lovely young person Susan was, and they would themselves have sought night of the five-foot-tall-inch student, when she was getting in and out of doors in front of the building, her arms loaded with other people's blouses and her dress changing up her slender legs. One or two of them were and starting apartment building.

"This a father to me," the thirty-year-old widow told me, without knowing or realizing, gave her a new electric range for a present when I'd come and he wanted to be sure she kept her mouth shut, she didn't need a new range, but she to keep her mouth shut, but because she did not want to hurt his feelings, she had the one she and Jenny and her daughter had been engaged off and on for some time. And not one of those hot-weather permanent of men, affected as he might be with middle-aged wrinkles, however, that wanted to run with the sun and beautiful young woman and start a new life—and that to Susan was a blessing, a that, in my view, the professor's own against her self-interest.

I didn't want to run off with her sister. I'd never heard, yet after her first night, refused to let her apartment to eat and read and sleep, which was not what young A, B, C, D, or E had

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with lowered tar  
and lots of taste.

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other low tar cigarettes  
...it's really no contest.



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your socks." "Not I'm all right." "Oh, Christ, here we go again." "Well, I happen to know what I'm doing." "Right woman, you know what you're doing?" Look, what the hell is Reiner's attitude toward this budding relationship—what is his desire to move his lovely books on her, anything?" "Now, she is not Reiner!" "You're leaving the legs too you, but the legs and the ass!" "I tell you, I'm not in it for love!" "If not that, what? Her deep midriff?" "But quick wit! You seem on top of being intelligent, but she can't even answer!" "Jesse! A genius that must go on a world map with you—just, plus a good strong dose of psychotherapy, and give it to her!" "I'm not a little my little brother. You come over here tonight for dinner, Peggy, you come eat with us every night—I've got to talk some sense into her." "But each evening I cannot get at Susan's, not Mar's, anything with me, my book, as I mean later by the first, everywhere, as I stepped through the door, my lake-quartz, my belt, and my bag."

So the first month passed. Then one night I said, "Why don't you go back to college?" "Oh, I couldn't do that." "Why couldn't you?" "I have too much to do already." "You have nothing to do already?" "Well, I don't." "Why don't you go back to college, Susan?" "I'm too busy, really. But you say you don't want Reiner's first?"

Some weeks later, "Look, a suggestion." "Yes?" "Why don't you move in with me?" "Haven't you enough room?" "I sure have. Underneath you." "Oh, that. I just don't, that's all?" "Well, try it. It might turn cheap to." "It's happy as it is, thank you. Don't you like the space?" "Under me, sure, why don't you move near Reiner when I'm in town, Susan?" "Oh, please, let's just finish dinner!" "Must you be so sure?" "I told you, I'm happy as I am." "You're miserable as you are." "I'm not, and it's none of your business!" "But you know how to move?" "Oh, why are you talking me like this?" "The point must be to show you what I mean by 'move'!" "Stop this. I am not going to talk about it. I don't have to be shown anything, certainly not by you! Your life may lack a model of order, you know?" "What does that mean? Don't you think I don't belong?" "Better, stop. Please! Why are you doing this to me?" "Because the way you live is awful!" "It is not!" "It's really, really." "If it's so, move, then, what are you doing here every night?" "I don't want you to spend the night. I don't ask anything of you at all." "You don't ask anything of anyone, so that's neither here nor there." "That's not of your business, either." "It is my business!" "Why?"

Why please? Because I am here—because I sleep the night!" "Oh, please, you must stop right now. Don't make me argue, please. I have arguments and I refuse to participate in one. If you want to argue with somebody, go argue with your wife. I thought you were here not to fight."

She had a point, the point—here I needed to contend with Reiner—but it stopped me only for a while. Reiner said,

"I, too, might come two months later, she jumped up from the table and, peeping her one eye, said, 'I can't go back to school, and here we show about it—I'm too old and I'm too stupid! What school would ever take me!'"

It turned out to be G.C.T. They were her credit for one semester's work at Wellesley. "This is just too silly! I'm probably there now." People "will read it." "What people, my dear?" "People. I'm not going to do it. By the way, I graduated '74, by the way." "What are you going to do instead of just a B.A., sleep?" "I help my friends." "These friends can help follow selling students to help them the way you do." "That's just be my opinion about people you don't like. I have a huge apartment to take care of, besides." "What are you so frightened of?" "That's not the same." "What is, then?" "That you won't let me do things the way I want to. Everything I do is wrong in your eyes. You're just like my mother. She never thinks I can do anything right, either." "Well, I think you can!"

"Only because you're embarrassed by my stupidity. It doesn't do for you 'half-range' to be seen with such a step—to the apoplexy is that in order to see your face. I have to go college and move in with her! I don't even know where C.C.N.Y. is on a map!" "What if I'm the only person there who's what?"

"Well, you may be the only person there who's a white!" "Don't joke—not now!" "You're going to be fine!" "Oh, Peter, she's amazed, and jumping to her wiles, smiling into my lap to be rubbed like a child—what if I have to talk in class? What if they tell me no?" "Through my skin I made her feel good, so my back when her hands." "What do I do then?" she pleaded. "Speak!" "But if I speak, Oh, why are you putting me through this category?" "You told me so. My self-same. So I can't—I can't with a clear conscience." "Oh, you, you couldn't—I can't with a clear conscience—uh, Susan, so, in between. And he's unkind. I'm so terrified I feel love!" "Though not too terrified to enter school, for the first time in her life, that good disposition of American youth. The next afternoon I had one of those neckbreakers printed up in a. "I told Susan we must not judge and present it to her at dinner, a phony letter with a black three-inch banner stretched across it!"

In the kitchen one night a year later I sat on a stool near the stove trying a glass of the last of Jesse's Reiner Redhead, while Susan prepared potatoes and peached to tell the kid to give the next morning in her laboratory philosophy class, a five-minute discussion on the Shapley. "I want to consider what comes next—don't you?"

"Casualty?" "That I'm not very much." "It will rock then?" "Nothing could rock that better, my good." "Then stop a minute and let's know what you're going to say?" "But I don't care about the Shapley. And you don't, Peter. And nobody in my class cares, I can name you of them. And what if I just don't care?" "What if I just say my words and nothing more?" "That's

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did was futile, including the course of doing nothing. With Susan there was structure, all right—but then there were no more questions. The answers were there. There was no progress, development, marriage and loving transformation all around, mostly the last thing you could want. The only thing that was a settled argument that came to an end because my philosophy had become a philosophy of the past. The past was the pleasure, the transcendence, the what you see most often—that is what has made her attempt at suicide so successful. She has been a good friend for her all the more bewitching because now it looks as though nothing has changed, and it is not right back to the old days. It is a new day, and of the little I begin to write to her and leave undisturbed, of the words I find I can't see to be happy to give out to the men of the *The Woman Who Cannot Love Without Love*, like *Who Would Have Thought It?* I can't see to be happy to see me on the brink again of making Mr. Morley, contrary to custom, after a brief intermission, what Spinoza

## CAN YOU BE PALS WITH THE RULER OF THE WORLD?

It is almost impossible (page 171) to pretend not much more helped it was the distance from the large's near to his friends. A group of eight (in 20) which contacts from the "model of the city", and by the end of the eighteenth century sought and numerous were very much particularly in France, where the revolution had created a race to clean up every vest of some old things. The second stage of Tolstoy and the French Republic, the Paris Academy of Sciences on the last scientific principles of the time and constructed around the North Pole to the Eastern All others, and the same time, the same time, the same time. After a time of experimentation, the entire system was replaced by a new one, which, though somewhat less, though eventually proved to be

The history of nationalism in the United States is a striking example of Dr. Vago's thesis, warning that the opinions of American government are such that they discourage the timely adoption of new ideas—which may or may not be a blessing. President George Washington first proposed that the United States review and set forth its own standards of weights and measures during his first message to Congress in 1789. Thomas Jefferson, then Secretary of State, went to work on the problem and proposed a new system of weights and measures and a decentralization of the Customary system. His proposal and later ideas offered by John Quincy

stair. But that is no real understanding for me to think that out of love of My Master, I am making another even worse accomplishment (at good or bad) than I am. I am, again, going to go to my Master's house, with whom I have actually come to be in love. I think to myself, "Take this journey seriously. You need her," and I rush to the place to call down to Francis and to the other people. I am not sure if I have very much to do with it, if I don't see the vulnerability and brokenness, the weakness, in which I am being drawn. Suppose it is really nothing more than a simple, ordinary, and common thing, and taking hold of my master, as though it were a lifeline! Suppose it is only that which inspires the imagination. These things have been known to happen. So, I can really, as My Master says,

"Bease fantasem," says Dr. Spel-vagel "Deyish dream of Geygal alone."

Manahide Saxon remains under the east of his mother in Princeton, and I remain up here, under my own. —

Adams and others started a long and incredibly acrimonious debate over how things should be counted in the new census.

The U.S. and Britain actually did go on the metric system in 1902, when John G. Carlisle, a deputy Secretary of the Treasury, was appointed to lead the mission to be the nation's "fundamental standards" of measurement. His subsequent report, *Report of the Metric Commission*, was a 100-page document. Most people simply ignored it, but as far as anyone can tell, his predecessor has never been replaced. That commission would not have had much money—no idea that new technology would make the metric system's introduction more easier. A new current movement, related primarily to the environmentalist movement, holds that the metric system is the only way to protect all other human resources. It has developed such a superior technology with it, however, that all measuring systems are ordinary and that their relative merits depend only on the intelligence and

The handbook for metric advertisements circa 1974 is a 78-page report issued by the Commerce Department. Three years ago it was the product of an exhaustive thirty-month feasibility study ordered by Congress in 1969. The Department spent \$3,400,000 on it and provided employers for which numbers of businessmen and economists, who considered every conceivable segment of the Federal government as well as hundreds of business and labor organizations and non-profit groups. The result was "A Metric America: A Decision-Whose Time Has Come." The

study pattern the Nixon Administration's basic policy, which is, first, that the United States should begin converging without further delay (or further statistical) toward the common point of equilibrium in interest rates and money supply. Second, the convergence should be administered by a central coordinating body, as is now the case in Great Britain's current economic program; and fourth, that the basis of convergence should be "the market," that is, the private sector of the economy. The private sector is not only important and is one of the reasons for delay in Congress. It means that industries would have to pay for their new metric machinery out of their own coffers, and businesses would have to break up funds from the Treasury to make the conversion. The only way to design new AR without Federal sub-

McIntosh has never fared well on Capitol Hill. Years ago George F. Niles, a Democrat from Alameda County, California, took up the fight

from exhausted producers and turned the House of Representatives into a bath of native activity during his long reign as chairman of the Committee on Science and Astronautics.

expectedly straddling through double hemlock and planted on a main vein with no upstroke. Out leaves it. Future investigative reporters to discover whether the fact that Mitt has suits in the same size as 30-year-olds had anything to do with his election. The point is, such a development normally would have caused moping among Mitt's House retinue team. But Mitt's bill came as such a surprise to Mitt's constituency that it was unlikely to be a factor in the election. At the time, before the actual adjournment. At the same time, Mitt was facing a personal crisis that shortened his office tour again by six to eight months; he had not suffered his first primary defeat in California. He was already doing his best to get back on his feet.

[illegible]

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Kerblum tells Madeline how to slash these private modes of back out of their own minds, saying yes, and they are about to experience for them would mean a lot and no profit. Also, they would have the problem of re-training themselves to get the new equipment. A bill introduced in the Senate by Ted and David E. Sawyer, the Western Economic Development Canada Business Administration to make lower and mid-level grants of up to \$10,000 each to companies and individuals who would show serious problems with the economy of retirement. But this is the sort of bill that drives Congressmen Green up the wall.

At a considerable time, Madeline has a relatively low recognition factor in Congress, which has been ignored. Most progress was made anyway. Senator J. W. Fulbright, trapped in the doorway of his Senate Office Building quarters one day in the middle of a round of telephone conversations, drowsed nearby. "I haven't gone it much thought, to tell you the truth. What do you think about it?"

"I think it's going to be very, very, very exciting to the average person," said the general manager of a soft-drink-bottling plant in Buffalo, New York, while standing in the wind-whipped line of tourists waiting to go up the Windermere Monument. "Maybe in the long run it will work. Maybe a head-on crash from now I think it will take that long for everybody to understand it."

As it turned out, the soft-drink bottling wasn't all that familiar with the Canadian system either. He said without hesitation that there were 248 rules in a filing.

"I just wish they had visited Denver years ago when I was still in grade school," said a high school art teacher from Iowa at the same location. He was under the impression that no one estimated 1000 square feet, which he named disapproved him from going into retail work.

"I don't see why they would want to switch over," said a chemistry housewife from Los Angeles who bore no real resemblance to Martha Washington. "I don't see why they would want to switch," she repeated. "I mean, I don't see any reason for it. I mean, they could have a reason, but I can't see what it is. They'd have to produce the entire country. I mean, if they had a good reason—what is the reason?"

The beverage did not an exciting but tepid measurement, but just before she stepped into the elevator to go to the restaurant she stumbled on the difference between a long tea and a short tea. She also had to admit she didn't realize the significance of the word "tea" in general, which she thought was a speaking in terms of temperamental, which was 59 percent larger and in which case case of it again, except during the Year of the Fish. She didn't realize it, but she believed it.

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### DOWN THE BLUE HOLE

(Continued from page 132) best thing, almost could not, then enough, and I used to contemplate mortality and suicide in that cupboard of an upstairs room in Daddy's farmhouse. I used to have been an idea that I'd chosen to go overboard and throw myself overboard, for it was that bad. I felt my adolescence like a dream. I guess, I had my doubts with anguish. One day—That was after hearing about Oliver Ridge and the time of its underground—I did into construction and poured myself a glass of water from the porous pitcher on the bureau although I sat twenty feet across my room in the window and where I could see over Daddy's fields. I extended my physical grace across space and moved the pitcher and looked a burning piece of water into my hands. Twenty-seven days later, I pushed my bag and came in search of destiny.

Like before that, in all its long and dry, was a reward. A struggling neighbor girl, Helen Rose, wanted me to be her hair once, then successfully fought me off, keeping my collection in the line. My best buddy, Kip, convinced my dad to get me a mirror at all. And Daddy died, to spite me for the long different, I thought at the time—though it is a minor crime, he naturalized and denied it. And we were happily just cardboard memories in my dual brains.

So I left everything and hitchhiked to Cedar Ridge and the clouds of my head.

What's so good about reality, anyway? My life is still mostly unpaid, my colleagues consider me wild in a town of addicts, my plumbing grows my low life to remember Susan's dog, like today, I dream behind my pen—what if I can do almost anything?—to the Blue Hole where it might not be so bad to live forever.

Producer, a girl for me, a true love, I say. A true love.

We're sitting in her father's kitchen while she makes my tea. A Hollywood gone show screens from her portable. "Easier to make it here," she affirms. "Don't give me that old line. I need what I need."

She flows out with those doe-like eyes, all courtesy in behind those black eyes, all courtesy, the doctor of dreams. "All right, for fifty dollars and cash I'll give it one hell of a try," she says.

"Gimme hard," I plead, peering off the belt. "And for that price, please, I want to get some fast action."

"You shouldn't even dirty with the fish," she orders, she tells me, putting my money under the table. "You just see a great talent, enough for you to live for. At you had one talent, promotion, you could get an television."

That night a miracle makes my home. Sally Skatche is a local girl with long hair, coffee, always, her spirit—occasionally, this one of mind and simple of love—she has more, she says, in search of my retirement. Her

## BRYLCREEM EXPLAINS THE DIFFERENCE:

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## Coming Up in July Esquire

### The Selling of Heartbreak, 1974

You're curled up reading a magazine, or sitting back watching TV, when WHAM!, a sad-faced young median girl, hungry, stares you right in the face. Or a boy with telepathia shows you how tough it is to lead a normal life. The ads give you a choice: give to the charity in question or turn the page. That kind of choice. How you ever wondered who writes these ads? Where they come from? Which work best and which don't work at all? Even if you haven't, you'll be interested in a report on the Heartbreak Business by Ron Rosenbaum. It's coming up next month in the July Esquire.

### Staying Home Is the Best Revenge

Gas is short, money is tight, time is limited, and you don't know where to go anyhow. So how are you going to spend this summer's vacation? Well, in the words of Cole Porter, why don't you try staying home? July Esquire will abound with suggestions on how to stay home in style; you'll visit Rio for a peek at the world's most daring bikinis; you'll go to London to check in with British tailors; you'll see New Zealand and experience some unexpected good times. And you'll find out about a lot of great games to play, including a game or two we thought up ourselves. They're free.

### Whatever Happened to the Whoopee Cushion?

For the uninitiated and uptight, Whoopee Cushions are air-filled pillows that you place on an empty chair. When a sucker sits down, WHOOPEE!, a disgusting sound happens. A Whoopee Cushion is just one of the classic items offered by the Johnson Smith Catalog, the most treasured and timeless volume in any middle-aged American boy's library. Peter H. Smith, Stanley Elton revisits the Catalog and, in case you can't wait, reports Whoopee Cushions are still available, as disgusting and wonderful as ever. Ain't that good news?

**PLUS:** Tad Stryker on Eliot Richardson's future; Nathan all Berkeley taste-tests American beers; Alice Waugh tells how he invented the cocktail party, and there's fiction and fashion and lots more goodies and treats.

whole fact and some of her best looked met. The slatheads were so, on the bench, seemed puzzled by the kind of wholeness. A long time after, when we spoke of it, she said she had been crying because she had always known it would end like that. McGovern is a college professor, with the kids looking a little sad and critical, and Liddy Strauss saying: "This is where all the work, all the passion, all the breathing had led her."

The first time I saw her she wanted to speak of the Dylan concert in Madison Square Garden on a Thursday afternoon. How he had sung, how they had said the words along with him, how many mistakes, and how, in a secret and haunting gift, he had come out at the end of it to sing "Forever" to the Wind. She could feel like of course. You know them all. But it also made her cry to see so many forgotten-year-olds in the audience who did not know about surreal beauty, and the March Against Death, about such Mrs. Marginal and why she keeps her 1970 button that says "I'm in it." "Cranberry." The four-year-olds could not feel any of this.

Mary Jane Nolan Kelly does not give to cut off her crying, to grow older making at home and not watching the horizon some of this.

"I don't like to cry but it's something nobody can take away from me yet," she says. "They can't stop it yet. No one can come to me and say: 'All right. You've cried your last.'" ■

#### HOSPITALITY: I

*I have a major kitchen  
it's all electric  
and some of the cooking recipes  
are by Einstein  
and some by Freud*

*Three are involved here,  
apart from to dry,  
and some parties (right) to an ice.*

*Is the morning I get up  
and make some coffee.  
for three steps of the kitchen  
and here: more assembled Scrabble*

*Then my friends come over,  
they're so happy,  
I feel like I've turned my made kitchen  
and they have in my blender,  
the top are left in the blender,  
and pass the beer,  
having in beer  
and going and eat,  
when the music is so  
mellow.*

*The exceptional food is  
intense in  
concrete*

—ALYSSA M. GARDNER HOLT



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Lachman seems to have created a part of the past (or he refers a record of the Modern American Music series he recorded in that label many years ago) is added to the *Körner*, the new releases in the series include two Aaron Copland discs: one of the *Viola Sonatas*, played by Louis Stone, and the composer, very lively and (as Copland's words "pin") the other, a recording under the composer's direction of the original thirteen-instrument version of *Appalachian Spring*, a work now thirty years old, still irresistibly young and fresh, perhaps even more so in the lighter instrumentation. The *Horvath* plays are listed, by the way, and it is quite a list, over months, so about, Lachman will be living Thomas A. Edison to turn on the lights.

Two bits of much earlier Americana should also be mentioned here, a collection of simple arrangements by Stephen Foster with a little help from George Gershwin, presented under the title *Stephen Foster's Great American Songs* (Columbia), the second building by Robert Ruffin is worth the price of admission all by itself, and a bag of oddities, some not without charm and others not without quality, by Anthony Philip Heinrich, "the forerunner of Liszt," edited by Vengard and Noth Brown under the title *The Unwinding of Music in America*. Having exhausted those, you might wish to examine some of the material as that was being issued as smaller books across the series, and Angel presents a fine collection of a book rather splendidly sung by Robert Taft and Benjamin Lanyon, *Ante*

### NUMBER TWO

If you're a TV,  
the number on an athlete's head  
means two  
the first behind 20,  
the number on 10,  
the body number of 22

But when I'm at the desk,  
I can't remember a number  
for myself except ten  
The more when I'm in  
I still have to understand  
in order to be a coach  
I can't remember a number  
who helps all his suggestions  
don't come, but it's true  
I explain in my mind  
that I don't see others as they do  
in fact, I understand others as they do

That's a long way from 10,  
I'm sure, but I can't help  
saying I'm in order  
I may have during the last,  
being taught by others myself  
number 1 and number 10

—Jack Myers

"So  
do I."

"I feel  
it."

"It's the  
Uniroyal  
Feel."

At. When the engineers  
of Uniroyal said we'd  
feel the difference, we  
thought they were pulling  
us up. But it's true. We  
feel it in our throats when  
we'll feel it on the road.

Ray: These Uniroyals  
have flexible sidewalls, to  
help keep more tread on  
the road. They turn fast,  
they stop short, they can  
actually change the way  
your car behaves.

Uni: You can actually feel  
the difference between  
Uniroyal Steel Belted  
Radials and regular bias-ply  
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# This year, North Carolina

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As Robert Marley suggests, this is going to be an awfully good time to take one of British Airways' value priced tours to Britain and Europe.

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## DINING IN/OUT WITH ESQUIRE

A little more than ten years ago Mrs. Giovanni Cook opened an unusual restaurant in Manhattan, an intimate, elegant restaurant she called *The Leopard*. It wasn't a gourmet restaurant, because she had always had an abiding interest in food and that interest had been fostered when she married Danilo Cook, the actor, and spent with him so much time all over the world. Whenever his work took him, she had pleasure in following the regional cuisines, and the *Cook* parties, in out-of-the-way spots or in grand cities, were famous. Perhaps it would not have occurred to her to open a restaurant had not the owner of the lively old Café Nicholson asked her to do it as manager during a vacation period. The result was so pleasant for the Nicholson as well as for Mrs. Cook that she continued on as manager for five years with the concept of a restaurant of her own revealed in her mind.

Mrs. Cook, who's now a widow, found an old brewhouse at 332 East Fifth Street, remodeled it completely to her own specifications, based the style decided on the method of operation, and in a restaurant open day and by even 14, 60 cocktail tables at the door, usually, with her three dogs at her feet.

The name adds a little explanation: it comes from Giuseppe di Lampedusa's book from which the name *The Leopard* was taken; you can catch it in the tale when these midnight, with Bart Lancaster on the role of Rex, Cook's owner, Prince Nikolas, the Viscount of Sardinia, but many of the wonderful banquet scenes have been taken over by restaurant. There's a legend in the restaurant, a typical picture of a handsome old boy, above the fireplace in the dining room. And of course there is a red gentlemen, for Mrs. Cook is the Princess

Giovanni Trains in Cook.

Beyond the bar, a small hallway leads past an stream of generosity and a small fountain into the dining room, where a large box at the other end and a great window of glass looking out on a view of urban generosity. At noon, when the sun is shining, the view is at its best.

The dining room has white walls as for walls, there's a graceful, arched staircase that leads up to a balcony, the ceiling is very high and the green the small room a spacious one. In its center, under a chandelier, is a large table laden with red roses which give another accent to the room's antique modernity: chairs and red cushions, the white curtains and deep red draperies.

When *The Leopard* was new, a several dinner only. Now it has become from Monday through Friday, five-to-five to two-thirty. There is no menu, but Emile, the maître d', will tell the diner's specialties of the past-hat head (R18.50, with two wines). On a recent day the lunch could begin with quiche Lorraine, a specialty here, or omelette, or a small portion of meat and vegetables or omelette. The entrees were first of Sunday, broiled, with lemon and butter sauce, beef knish, roast leg of pork, or veal. Labeled with acidity for the vegetables. Desserts are light and there are no choices.

Kick it Monday through Saturday from six-thirty until midnight, although *The Leopard* is open until one. Complete dinner with two wines is \$21 for children under 16, or \$28.50 for the adults; there's a variety enough to satisfy anyone.

Drinks, after that wine, are extra. Try Mrs. Cook's new creation, the *Snow Leopard*.

Reservations are a necessity; a dinner can be comfortably. FL-9733

**C**all Filly Thirty is an Fifty-third Street, No. 34, between Madison and Park. On a block of varied restaurants it could be passed almost without notice, for there is little effort in restaurant situation. There have been other restaurants at No. 34, one at least that was formerly decorated, but when William Capra decided on this site he pulled out the enormous kitchen and made it into his own low-level spot. The room is long and narrow, with a glass apparatus the bar for a few cocktail tables around a wall filled with such an abundance of old-time illustrations and photographs as large as a head-drawing container between and decorated. Beyond three open sections in the dining room, as no protrusion at the end of Mr. Capra, at the entrance, hangings on both sides, a few tables in the middle, hanging lights of parol on that look like from an elevator but are simply Capra, well placed (which were found stacked in the basement) of restaurants in B-skip-4, Pizzeria, La Seta Ross, El Pizzeria, four others besides might be there. All lunch—from twelve to four Monday through Friday—meets the dining. At cocktail time and in the evening, the kitchen takes over. Dinner is from five-thirty to two-thirty, Monday through Friday.

Everything at *Call Filly Thirty* is a la carte, and Jackson is much the same as dinner except for the price. Baked ham, for instance, is a little more than \$4.40 more and a side over \$6 at night; it is served with a salad and vegetable, and broiled to perfection. Scampi is gravely on the menu, and of course pasta, including alla Bologna, fettuccine Alfredo, linguine with clam sauce, there is at least five versions of it. Another great dinner is a very long—long listed cooked broiled and served with rice and tomato sauce—is the red dish, especially the red French, and a side of red, roasted in butter and lemon. All the entrees are under \$4, except for the shell steak at \$5.50, and the fish steaks at \$7.50.

The host of owners include classic restaurants and on the ball shell, carpaccio, potatoes and mushrooms, stuffed mushrooms, of the central kitchen, the main stream is a French, as rich and hearty as a restaurant could be. The discounts are not unusual: pork ribs, sparrow, tortois, and omelette.

*Call Filly Thirty* is a personal restaurant; after a few visits, you're a regular—the bartender, the waiters and waitresses, the owners know your preferences. Lunch is very crowded, the cocktail hours are light and lively with beer drinkers on the bar and on the house from five to about eight, dinner starts early for the people who work in midtown, and the kitchen closes around ten or two-thirty. Mr. Capra is the owner and personally partner Michael Jelic is over there. *Just Perennials* is the chef. Reservations: 371-1888.

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There are always red roses in the center of *The Leopard's* dining room.



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As someone once said, it's a small world — and when you go by Long Distance, it gets smaller and smaller.

Long Distance is the next best thing to being there.



## THE MANDATORY ALL AMERICAN VACATION

(Continued from page 100) said, "He didn't enter. Went right back home. But you won't have any trouble. Your hair is shorter than his."

Decide early whether or not you're going to travel by way of camps or motel. If you're camping, you need a two-wheel drive sleeping bag. (Learn for the lightness that the wetsuit, a Puma or dress while you sleep, cooking pots and utensils, tent or rain tarp, food, flashlight, insect repellent (Cutter's Dawn is effective), two-and-a-half-watt Mahay flashlight, adequate sunburn, and other in-the-moment arrangements that, literally, stomp your back. Decide that, at the end of a strenuous riding day, and most of these are, nothing ever becomes a life-size dream.)

Don't count on building across country. The American South (West) system has only 150 miles, with the greatest concentration in the East. Camping or motelling, take along lunchbox, picnic, sugar, in addition to only an extra inch of cotton wool socks (they retain moisture, a medium-weight long-sleeve shirt (you can roll up the sleeves), and underwear. You wear this set of clothes while the other set is being laundered. What you wear is important. Heavily, you are not recommended, even if they are cut off at the thighs. Jeans endure, but sweat and their thick seams rub against your legs and glutes, making

Wear matched boot sports pants. The tennis or mountain-climbing shorts. A nylon windbreaker is essential in riding and with hair in short in order to resist the expansion of body moisture by the wind. Always wear a shirt even if surface logic and common sense the climber's sweat you to shed the cloth to be under on hot summer days. You will not be under. You will deliberate faster, slower from the outside down, making, and expose yourself to the possibility of heat exhaustion.

Put a hat that not only looks smooth but works. I used a white tennis grass-stand hat with a full-brimmed visor. The white and the visor checked both heat and sunlight. The green on the underside of the visor reduced the glare from highway and countryside. The cotton material was pliant and water-holding so that I could soak it and plug it on my head for a day's effort around town. With my waterproof sunglasses and a pair of mountain ottomans from the service station, the entire experience took (very light), I was well fortified against the sun rays of the Great American Desert and the Corral Flares.

Wear headband, no hat shoes that stand up to the sharp-edged pit-lime pads on 10-speed bikes. Bicycle shoes that require spurs may be padded. Set out about 150 or more a pair. Less expensive bicycle shoes are on the market.

Saving shoes work. Whatever you wear, practice a few holes in the sides with an ice pick or a hammer and nail for ventilation.

The direction you travel is important enough to plan carefully and even reserve your starting point if necessary. The prevailing wind in the United States flows from west to east, especially during the summer months. To benefit from the general wind patterns, begin trips from the West Coast and travel west to the East. The back-pulling of the prevailing wind that envelopes diagonally across the northwest from southwest to the northeast, makes a noticeable difference, believe me. I did travel the wrong direction and backed head-on winds of varying aggression all but those days. One of those days in Indiana when the wind was at my back I covered 150 miles.

If you're not already there, take you and your bike as an expense (you have to get out of 27.50 dollars) and fly to the West Coast. Actually, you can travel with your bike on trails or bus at little cost, though it does take longer and is more hassle. All those types of little currents except bicycles for transport. I've said this all at one time or another and have never found any reason to say later.

The route you select depends upon your interest. The earliest route from the Seattle and Portland area takes you into the Cascade Range, the desert, the Rocky Mountains where the high

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[illegible]

I climbed, in reverse, the central and southern routes and found the country varied without overtaxing my strength. I swung down below the high peaks of the Rockies that end around northern New Mexico. The only rugged mountain I found were the Greenes in Vermont and the Gaunks in Missouri. Finding no course in biological allures such as *The Varied Africa of the United States* or *American and European Africa* paid off in jangling my interests and shagwagging quite with the terrain. I had to mean to reach them.

[illegible]

I learned that you must not pump at a massive wall of air that alone annoys you when a booming tractor highbalds past from the rear. (Before must ride with the traffic, not against it.) You must know how to pump your head on a selective downhill moment so that you will not spend up to fifty miles an hour, give the tubular machine inside a minute to a few seconds.

pieces of mail or a dozen drops of grease that can send you to oblivion. You have to know how to pace yourself with common sense and good penmanship, know when to stop and when to go, or you're not caught in the middle of the desert without water as in the center of the Central Plains with too much water transforming you to the sea.

[illegible]

I rode a desert with five standard-size water jugs that hold a pint each. Some horses strap a plastic half-gallon jug to a saddle horn and use the handle as a carrier, even though water weighs more than five pounds a half gallon. Thompson seedling grapes, I found, were good for desert riding since they gave horses quantities of moisture along with large shots of sugar energy. On very hot days we even rode desert from dawn to about dawn o'clock. Rest on the middle house on a bean field, under a bridge, in a storm drain, or in the shade of a bluff before continuing again. For five or six miles your destination may be the next water stop.

The desert, and hundreds of miles of it, must be crossed on any transcontinental trip, so be integrating refueling. Just don't persist on its error. Actual distances are usually three times what they seem. Gas stations across the deserts are often abandoned or don't drink all year water in anticipation of refueling. Don't exhaust yourself early in the morning and expect rescue by a roadside spring of bubbling water and weary palms. It won't happen. You will suffer heat exhaustion or, worse, heatstroke.

I remember once on Route 66 a dust devil of Flagstaff Arizona, the dust devil was screaming the asphalt in the distance, my sister was petrified, and my every breathing alarmingly. Up ahead a cluster of cottonwood around two buildings against a wall where I could seek and rest. I surely drank the rest of my water but, disbelieving the hope, decided against it. Tenacious nature later I reached the gas station and found it boarded up, empty and waterless. Luckily, I had enough water left to make it over a few more kils to Kelly Thompson Cts.

Rolling the highways in the West usually means riding the pulse roads.

across the desert. These highways are the only ones that get you across Arizona, Nevada, New Mexico, Utah, Colorado, and the rest with reasonable dispatch. Of course, I rode interstate highways in the West and, while several state-patrol patrols passed me, none stopped me. However, never ride the interstates in the East. You will be ticketed.

To rent the other car, you'll have to take empty state and U.S. highways home. Like old sections of U.S. 64 where I traveled for miles on sand through a couple of states, have no shoulders for miles. In Costa Rica, take a motorcycle. When you get to one of the vertiginous potholes you have to suffer. It is also one of the risks. Many bikers are using the large transporter and permanent on-the-go poles that stick to the rear axle so that even if a wheel can't take a bump, the rest of the bike stays upright. They offer a little more stability at good bicycle shops.

Allow yourself at least five dollars for food each day, if you go the pizza route, but at least half again that much if you move among the model and gourmet restaurants. The food is not comparable with the restaurants here.

you show that, as the American Medical Association reports, crying steadily on flat ground at 130 mph will give you over 600 calories an hour. If you rule out all day, you could have approximately 3000 to 5000 calories, maybe more. Your best bet is to eat six small meals instead of the standard three. The small, regularly spaced meals help maintain your fuel needs and to prevent metabolism. You definitely need protein to rebuild your muscles, but you will especially need carbohydrates, your principal energy source.

What's real is more important than how much. Reach your goal at odds, plus. The various channels give handles in your stomach and give you side aches. They weigh your back on fixed foods, they weigh your gut down like, naturally, last I found that chocolate made were more easily effective because feeding good. You a member for them anyway. By the time I reached Indiana, I was up to three adults a day. A daily dose of five or six ounces of honey, or, as the case may be, a little bit of honey. Five. Your stomach used only to function properly. Normally, you need about five grams or 35 ounces of salt a day, but with the honey, potassium and sodium

bers of 10, to extra pieces or a whole lot to be added to your meals. Otherwise, you may suffer weakness, fatigue, and muscle cramps. While some do believe without our tablets when their knees begin to wobble, I found that my ankles were swollen without the tablets. I simply applied extra layers on my foods and nearly every case at the table was no longer, spreaded out on the road, and looked it up.

a-half-ounce can of peanuts. Each of these foods is loaded with megamino-



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HOUR INTO 36,000 MOMENTS. IT IS ACCURATE TO WITHIN ONE MINUTE PER MONTH! ITS STOPWATCH CARVES SECONDS INTO TENTHS. IT HAS HALF-HOUR AND 12 HOUR REGISTERS. IT GIVES THE DATE, AVERAGE SPEED OVER A MEASURED DISTANCE, AND IS WATER RESISTANT TO THREE ATMOS.<sup>®</sup>

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## Listen: You've tried some whiskeys that growl. Now try a new kind of whiskey. Crow Light. It whispers.

Take a sip of Crow Light. We think you'll agree that other whiskeys—even the lightest Scotch, smoothest Canadian or mellow Blend—taste heavier by comparison.

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**Lighter than Scotch,  
smoother than Canadian**

Crow Light is light...lighter than Scotch in color and taste. And if you think Canadian is the smoothest whiskey, try Crow Light. "Crow Light is smoother," say the Canadian whiskey drinkers we've asked to.

**Real whiskey down to its toes**

Crow Light is real, 4-year-old whiskey, all right. But it's distilled and aged a very special way. Result: Lightness in other kinds of whiskey can't match. Some whiskeys growl. But Crow Light Whiskey whispers. And you can get a lot farther with a whisper than a growl.

**Crow Light.  
The whiskey that whispers.**



LOWEST WHISKY 80-80-80 CROW DISTILLED COMPANY | SQUIDVILLE, WYOMING

retrofits. Working from a bag of this substance keeps your power high and the mountains low.

The restaurants and coffee shops you visit at various times during the day in quality from hot-dog-and-pastry stands to steak-and-vegetable houses. Your food stops are not spaced necessarily at all times, and every once in a while you succumb to the extreme tastes only because the shop is near. At the end of a hard riding day, you don't want to re-mount your steed and pedal a mile to the nearest photo-develop and Coney island. You settle for French dressing on your lobster steaks in a plastic bowl next to your primary champagne on stainless steel. You are hitchhike to a good restaurant from your chosen motel, but that, too, takes more time and energy than you want to expend.

The motel you select for the night deserves more than casual consideration. You are the unseen referee of your audience. You need plenty of good, sound sleep. Room doors should be a violent slam to the roadway, not a whispering French far southern two-hour stretch of sleep. Look for motels on the far side of the town you travel through. That way the following morning you can ride directly out of town without then having to pedal through city streets that quickly clog up with early business traffic. In the morning when people enter a town this town is. Also, look for motels that are within walking distance of coffee shops and restaurants. You'll thank yourself. Even if you are at the final pulse of your day's energy, don't merely limp into the first motel you spot. Look around. Pick a motel that is situated away from the highway so that the constant volume of trucks at all hours of the night doesn't reach you. Motels with trees and shrubbery planted along the front to eliminate traffic noise are good. Ask the manager for a room to the rear of the complex. Better yet, find a motel that is located on a side street, completely away from the main artery through town. Figure motel costs between \$40 and \$60 a day.

Sometimes, for reasons or another, you will be caught unexpectedly in one-state towns the entire day. Unless you are enjoying your bike or the weather improves you. The crowd will be as miserable as it may seem. Small towns can be enlightening and sustaining if you let them. The owner takes offers local color, the pub owner serves good conversation and information, and, if you're so inclined, the local public library always offers refuge. Once it was caught by a victim there where in Nodda, California, a desert community not known for its enlightened and elegant. The day talking to the various shopkeepers, planning the next few days of my route, reading the Green Books of the Western World, eating Chinese and Mexican meals, riding around between nine o'clock in town to sleep, seeing what there was to see, and thoroughly enjoying it.

Getting caught is the risk in the open country is something else again. If you are truly in the open, like I

# honor thy father



**(it's thy last chance)**

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way once it is rampant near Webster,  
Chicago's windy corridor. Strong  
back sides of the highway, just keep  
moving—slowly—until you reach  
Webster. Then turn right, guided by a  
friendly patrol couple in a truck  
house and subsequently served a deli-  
cious hot lunch. "Who, just a couple  
miles ago," the owner said, "I saw  
where a girl sat bareback riding alone  
under a tree to get out of the rain and  
feeling drunk but dead." She swapped  
her papers. "Killed. Just like that."

Chances are good you won't be thun-  
derbolted to heaven, but you cannot  
trust your car on a long trip during the  
summer. If it's female, wet out the  
dresses and dampen. Try not to ride  
in heat, but if you must, ride slowly.  
Rural roads have more potholes than  
you get snagged in the spine of your  
wheel or chair. Naturally, summer is  
a worse time not to don't lost. When it  
cools, wet twenty minutes or so  
before riding again on traffic heavy  
highways. That way the excess water

will evaporate and save and trade  
your's with the weather.

Be sure to pre-lubricate your bike soon  
after every use.  
A traditional bicycle trip means  
all these essential checks—your  
spare tires, your spare man, and  
most of all, you yourself. A  
biker doesn't should you from the ac-  
tion, handily, and thunderbolts, now  
does it protect you in the slighest  
against the North Wind of the Ameri-  
can highway. The greatest challenge  
though is surviving up the middle  
roads you. The battle word is PRESENT!  
Keep watching. Keep moving on. Only  
this will you make it across safely  
and only then will you feel that the  
inner drive of abject actual pleasure,  
the rhythmic chanting of your body as  
it transfers your muscles into  
space of just plain not-anything  
change. Hopefully, before you reach  
the opposite side, you'll realize that  
what is the true pleasure is not the  
riding. It's the living. ☐

#### ADVICE FROM THE WORLD'S GREATEST EXPERTS

(Continued from page 8) generally available  
strategy for choosing stocks is to  
look for solid companies in industries  
that are unlikely to have serious trouble  
in the future. Then buy when the price-  
earnings ratios seem unreasonably low  
and sell when the price-earnings ratios  
seem unreasonably high. Of course it  
doesn't always work. IBM falling on an  
aircraft suit might end up a better in-  
vestment in the long run. Keep-Wireless  
is a case in point. But then, neither do  
always work.

#### The Best Defined Job in Government

Administrative Assistant to the Assistant  
Administrator for Administration,  
Agency for International Development.

#### The Best Tennis Racket

It used to be easy to choose the best  
tennis racket. All rackets were made of  
wood, the better ones were unadorned  
frame, carefully cured lumber to  
prevent warping, and then strung with  
gut by a corder. Which one ended you  
depended on how strong you were. Plus  
the racket got more power into your  
swing but with a sacrifice of control.  
But the racket market more made to  
one, but gave you an extra margin for  
error. Generally, the most expensive  
rackets were the best, though this  
was not always the case.

New technology changed all that.  
Racket frames are now also made from  
steel, aluminum, fiber glass, and com-  
posites. These new materials have  
been used in a variety of  
sports. Metal rackets, in particular  
steel, aluminum, and fiber glass, are  
now being used in a variety of  
sports. Metal rackets, in particular  
steel, aluminum, and fiber glass, are  
now being used in a variety of  
sports. Metal rackets, in particular  
steel, aluminum, and fiber glass, are  
now being used in a variety of  
sports.

In wood, they agree, just do not apply.  
One possible explanation for the dif-  
ference is that the chosen metal racket  
is a generic but not a specific. Hence  
it takes too much to really get into the  
ball. That sounds fine, but impractical  
and it is not the case. The more  
advantage could make a considerable dif-  
ference. Another possibility is that the  
"sweet spot," the part of the racket  
which produces a direct hit and a natu-  
ral follow-through, is larger on the metal  
racket. An even more serious theory is  
that metal produces a more solid feel,  
whereas the wooden racket is more  
flexible and is more easily damped,  
providing an edge of control at the  
point of impact. However,  
Our favorite is the Head Competition,  
an aluminum-fiber-glass combina-  
tion which provides the control charac-  
teristics of a very stiff racket, yet  
has more feel than wood if you do  
choose metal, be prepared to pay. Good  
metal frames cost about twice as much  
as good wood frames, and are unlikely  
to last as long. No one seems to have  
solved the problem of metal frames as  
the solid, game-winning racket does  
not have that ability.

Even if the metal frame does last,  
you are more likely to break a string  
with metal. Unless you pick one of the  
few metal rackets that protect the  
strings with plastic granules or other  
devices, the constant metal-string fric-  
tion will reduce the life of the strings  
between 15 and 20 percent. The prob-  
lem is particularly acute for players  
who prefer natural gut strings, the  
kind with the best feel and power.

#### The Best Tennis Ball

The use of approval of the United  
States Lawn Tennis Association or the  
International Lawn Tennis Federation  
is a good sign. But it is not the only  
one. The tennis associations are corrupt, it's  
impossible that they are generally uncor-  
rupted.

# MG. First on the scene. And still one jump ahead.



Before MG, there wasn't much of a  
sports car scene in America.

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MG, the first MG, was introduced in 1924,  
the picture changed. So much so that  
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record, you can see why MG is what  
great sports car racing is all about.  
MG is fast, fast and fast.

The four-speed gearbox puts your  
reflexes in touch with the 1788 c.c.  
engine. That's a 4-cylinder powerplant

that's as economical as it is lively.

The rack and pinion steering, the  
use-assisted suspension and the  
new disc brakes combine to give you  
control, sure-footed handling and stop-  
ping the kind of response that turns  
driving pleasure into driving pleasure.  
Your experience is most agree-  
able. The MG is a car that's as easy to  
steer and the air is cooled with its  
own motor-driven fan.

But make no mistake, the MG is  
just as much at home on a city street  
as it is on a two-lane blacktop.  
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sports car instrumentation, including

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for fuel, oil, water and battery. There  
are also roll-over wheel seats,  
wrapped steering wheel, carpeting of  
choice, two-style wheels and rectify  
tires.

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### WHAT'S IN THIS STUFF?

*Desenex* (see page 85) sure will thought if it was good for horses, it should be good for my husband and it doesn't taste at all the same. So what is it? I don't know.

Yikes! I shiver (though deservable) even, indeed, with two severe sprains, even and lameness. The treatment almost overrules the pain, but the latter is there.

### Miracle Whip

*Desenex* I have always bathed Miracle Whip and this morning did nothing to change my feeling. It is a glowing example of the old product-line syndrome in cosmetics that has become almost universal in this country, a hold-off on the old-fashioned belief deserving the evidence of change and super girls. It is a quality that many people find desirable. The dressing is not in itself soiled, there's some proper as it, but the message is the great ingredient. This is the last note on the salad dressing. I don't know.

I don't. A list of ingredients with a warning: mostly chemical. As to the regular "Miracle" and "Miracle Whip," my educated guess is that the one and the other are the same. As to the "Miracle Whip" that contains like the thick, yellow "Miracle Whip" which is my boyfriend does served to mixed, dried eggs for protein. We made no other as if them. They were too sweet. Miracle Whip is even sweeter, it seems to be an American way to eat sugar into everything. What's in it? Well, being heavily expensive, it should contain egg yolk, vinegar, and, of course, there are many other ingredients, such as cream. But there are all sorts of perfectly understandable substitutes for egg yolk and, as the better things of sugar. These are, it is a shame to guess. Let's say you wouldn't surprise me. Value: A full measurement compared with Ballantine's. Plenty of certified heavy flavor, but the sweet is over-price pain.

### Larry's Beamed Salt and Beamed Paper

*Desenex* The salt is completely described by Henry. There's M&G, paprika, maybe just a touch of onion salt and, I think, a few tomato crystals, but the entire really contains everything in its parts. The overall bouquet of the pepper is described by carrot leaf peppers and a host of salt in salt paper. Do it not. As to the salt, let me take a wild educated stab at the "sensation very sweet salt, looks and smells." I think that few of them are simply different grades of sodium chloride, with different amounts of color and other trace chemicals. As to the remaining twelve herbs and spices, my guess is: alphabetic, under alfalfa. Basil, ground bay, cayenne, ground clove, cardamom, fennel, and monardella vineyards of ginger, mint, saffron, zesty, lavender. As to the pepper, how

# Esquire, Inc. makes more than magazines

...it produces classroom films, textbooks, cassettes and filmstrips, and many other educational materials as well

Esquire Magazine is the best known part of Esquire, Inc., a corporation which has been publicly owned since 1937.

Several thousand shareholders own 2,200,000 shares. The company is listed on the New York Stock Exchange.

Esquire, Inc. is active in four growth areas: Magazine publishing (25%), leisure (15%),

education (23%) and lighting (37%). In the fiscal year ended March 31, 1974, the company had sales in excess of \$70,000,000. It has a consistent dividend-paying record since going public.

In this space, we will describe the education companies of Esquire, while subsequent advertisements will review the activities and accomplishments of our leisure and lighting companies.

**Coronet Instructional Media**, headquartered in Chicago, produces filmstrips, 16mm sound filmstrips, 16mm audio cassettes, study prints, learning programs and multimedia kits. All of these materials are created by CIM, and sold primarily to the elementary and secondary school system in the U.S. and many other countries throughout the world. Film cassettes are the most relevant and transparent medium for communication in the sciences.

**Globe Book Company, Inc.**, publishes texts and supplementary books in science, social studies and language arts, with special emphasis on high school science learners. Its Learning Products division specializes in unusual projects in every area of the school curriculum, and has just produced a "Science Teaching Kit" with lesson plans for every subject. By continuing its expertise with text of Corcoran Instructional Media, Globe is developing its own series of filmstrips. Its headquarters are in New York City.

**Modern Curriculum Press** publishes physics workbooks which are becoming increasingly popular throughout the country. Their low-cost reading instruction materials teach the reading process down to its scientific principles, making visual and auditory developments clear. Modern Curriculum Press supplies these materials in both the public and parochial school markets, as well as for home learning. It is located in Slinger, Ohio, a suburb of Cleveland, Ohio.

**Jack C. Colley Co.**, which is headquartered in Washington, D.C., designs and markets storage equipment for audio-visual materials under the trade name Luster. Their highly specialized low-profile filing systems for film, microfiche, audio-visual cassettes and projection equipment. Its customers include schools, audio-visual centers, libraries, hospitals, research and development facilities and industrial organizations. It recently introduced a storage and display equipment for bookshelves.

**Rapid Film Technology**, located in Long Island City, New York, reproduces and restores motion picture films which have become dirty, scratched and faded, and applies a special protective coating to the films, which are then be used again repeatedly. In 1971, the company introduced shipping and storage services for its customers, which include motion picture companies, television stations, schools and industrial organizations. These warehousing and distribution operations have become important services of this company.

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got Bermuda  
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## Castle Harbour

East. An unexpected discovery about Adolph's instant Meat Tenderizer is that it tenderizes meat—currently. Four of us sat down to steak; more and mine alone had been treated with the tenderizer. I munched shivers from each of

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the others and, by grain and by gale, man was tending. This paradoxical admits to endurance soft, spine, sugar, translucent phosphates, papain and nitrogen. It contains man, all right, about twice too much.

Filipe: I know when I think of the amount of protoplasmic essence present in this product. Before it is say that if you keep this important essence person after on the shelf, you have no need of either your stomach or pancreas and might as well have both removed. A few sprinkles of these grains are all that's necessary to digest any food before it's consumed. Now do you want a pause when you use the stuff, even all the salt and phosphate quite readily work the taste buds. I did finally manage to detect a little salty flavoring, and the sodium protein could be popular. But the sweet ingredient is quite salt—added to the regular salt!

#### Argentine Aromatic Beans

David: I was previously worried on peak of the beans with their common quality because a habit. This in Trinidad I was entertained by the family who for years had made Argentine, and had it in every dish on the menu, even to parent potatoes. Since then, the lovely, lovely flavor has become medicinal to me and quite enjoyable.

de David: The distinctly delicious label answers us that the "harmonic vegetable flavoring extractives and vegetable coloring matter" (as well as the fact that the Argentines are not content any sustenance) make it "famous throughout the civilized world." Unsurprisingly, however, please note: The alcohol and the protein are so overpowering that it is extremely difficult to spot other ingredients. I would suspect some ground nuts and oils from the same.

Raul: This is the only product of the lot for which I am prepared to give a complete list of ingredients. The label denies the presence of argentine beans (the person/people must be prejudiced against it), despite the assurance of the manufacturer. However, as far as I know, it contains little salt, sugar, iodine, and all contained in a "water, alcohol" (44 percent by volume, per label), "antioxidant, and harmless vegetable flavoring extractives and vegetable coloring matter." The protein is there, all right, suggesting for the better taste. Would not accept for the other "harmonic vegetable flavoring extractives" ferrous, manganese, phosphorus, iron, arsenic, sodium, potassium, life plant and dandelion root? To the first skeptic who presents reasonable grounds for eating doubt on this description, I will offer a jar of one bottle of Argentine Beans, nearly full.

Clara's note: Mr. Raul's list of dangerous ingredients seems a reasonable one, considering the size of the jar of protein-wrapped (from under glass) Filipe: The most fascinating and "fascinating" of the products I had to keep looking the manufacturer's revelation before finally detecting the stress, as level of interest—on interest in water form.

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# THE BEST WAY TO PREVENT BALDNESS IS TO TAKE CARE OF YOUR HAIR FROM THE INSIDE.

Maybe for some reason you've been noticing your hair is not doing these days.

It feels like a sponge when you wash it. When it's dry it hangs dull and dead inside. Or when you comb it, lots more comes out than ever before.

Maybe, you figure, it's time you found out what's happening to your hair.

Well, the answer is simple. And it comes from major breakthroughs, why we know for some time that hair needs special vitamins and minerals to be healthy. The kind you get from a well-balanced diet.

But what's got gone (or the stomach) is not around and doesn't already chock of wheat germ, fish oils, raw vegetables and other super nutritious, very absorbable foods? We certainly don't, and you're probably looking pretty guilty right now yourself!

So now that we've eliminated possible external habits what else is there?

## THE VITAMIN AND MINERAL FORMULA FOR YOUR HAIR.

Well, you can take vitamins for one thing. You're probably taking some already.

Great. That's a good beginning. But they aren't going to do the job Head Start will.

Because Head Start is a vitamin and mineral compound with just one place to go to work. On your hair.

Unfortunately as we grow older (as we must) the body's tiny capillaries are no longer able to carry blood to the roots of the hair.

The result, of course is the "buzzed" hair that's not only damaged, it's dying.

So Corvetic Laboratories developed Head Start to supplement the diet with just those vitamins and minerals (on ingredients that major dermatologists believe are responsible for healthy hair in men and women alike).

Take zinc sulfate, for instance. If you look at your daily vitamin, you'll see that the dosage is around 15 mg., it's included at all.

But Head Start has ten times that amount. Because scientists have recently discovered that hair just won't grow without it.

And zinc sulfate is only one of 12 ingredients you'll find in Head Start.

## THE WAY TO A HEALTHY HEAD OF HAIR IS THROUGH YOUR MOUTH.

Federal experts say that the majority of baldness cannot be cured. It's the kind that's hereditary.

But in almost all other cases of hair

loss (and there are over 7,000,000 women in this category so you can imagine how many men there are) the cause can be traced to bad eating habits.

And after more than two years of testing, Head Start users state that Head Start can arrest balding, condition hair—and in some cases new growth has begun.

The catch? Just one. Like most good things for your body, you have to take it conscientiously over a period of time. And right now is the time to get started. (After all, what have you got to lose but your hair?) So take advantage of the special introductory offer in the coupon below, and try Head Start for 30 days.

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## Introducing the Moviedeck: Kodak's thoroughly modern movie projector.

At first glance, you'd never know our new Moviedeck was a movie projector. That's because the new Kodak Moviedeck projector is like no movie projector you've ever seen. It looks a lot like a tape deck. It's horizontal. It's got one gracefully flat reel, one hidden underneath. It wears panels of wood-grain vinyl and a smoke-tinted dust cover. It'll sit out in the open along with your stereo, TV, or other home entertainment equipment and blend right in. Some Moviedeck projectors even have a special pull-out viewing screen that lets you look at your movies without setting up a big screen or turning down the lights in the room.

In a word, the Moviedeck is beautiful.

At last, inside that beautiful body is the hard-working soul of a projector. Actually, there are six Moviedeck projectors. All have 400-foot reels, capably automatic threading, and show both 8mm and super 8mm movies. They feature instant return that allows you to get back in seconds to a scene

you've already seen with the mere turn of a knob.

Some of the models feature automatic rewind, fast forward, and still. So you can find the frames you want quickly and easily, and the pull-out viewing screen.

See the whole line of beautiful Moviedeck projectors at your photo dealer's. Prices start at less than \$100. (Model shown, less than \$225.)

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